

From the Quarterly Review.

Sir John Eliot: a Biography, 1590-1632.

By John Forster. 2 vols. London, 1864.

WHEN Tocqueville published his excellent book on the 'Ancien Régime' and the Revolution, most people were surprised to find how closely the period of terror and anarchy had been connected with that which preceded it. The tree which had shot up with such rapidity, when once above the surface, had been long collecting its strength and fastening its roots in the soil below. The author himself begins by observing that the French in 1789 had tried, as it were, to cut their destiny into two parts, and to place an abyss between that which they had been and that which they were afterwards to be. He adds that they had been less successful than they themselves supposed in this singular enterprise; and he then goes on to show that the Revolution was the just and natural result of the state of things which the tyrannical centralization of Louis XIV. and the reckless profligacy of the Regency and of Louis XV. had produced in France. No one can understand the true spirit of the French Revolution without looking carefully at the institutions of the country as they were already administered in practice, and considering the condition of its people in the preceding century.

The coherence of events is perhaps still more obvious with reference to our great rebellion in the seventeenth century, inasmuch as the growth of disaffection to the crown, and the increase of the popular power were more gradual, and admit of being more distinctly traced. The epoch of the Stuarts, from the accession of James I. to the ignominious flight of his grandson, is a story or great drama complete in itself, and only to be understood as a whole. To comprehend the struggle of the Civil War and the final catastrophe of the race, we must look back to the early Parliaments of James and his son, and to the personal character of both of them. Ranke has observed with perfect truth that James I. gave the keynote for the government of the Stuarts, and tied the knot of fate which bound his successors.*

Mr. Foster, in his preface, observes:—

'No one will ever fully understand what the rising against the Stuarts meant, who is not thoroughly acquainted with its beginning; with

the loyalty to the throne that then accompanied the resolves of its heroes to maintain the popular liberties, and with the reverent regard for law and precedent by which all its opening movements were so implicitly guided as to have left upon it, to the very last, a deep and ineffaceable impress.'—vol. i. p. xii.

We can never be sufficiently thankful that our statesmen in the commencement of this struggle, did then take their stand, not on abstract principles, but on 'law and precedent;' in short, that instead of seeking to make a gulf, as Tocqueville says was done in the French Revolution, between themselves and the past, they based their claims on Magna Charta and on the old institutions of the land. They did not acknowledge—what appears to be Hume's theory—that the House of Commons first rose out of insignificance in the reign of James I., and then arrogated to itself new functions. The arbitrary acts of Henry VIII. and other sovereigns did not in their eyes prove the non-existence of lawful rights, though they showed instances of their infringement, and the Act of the 15th of Edward II. (1322) referred to by Mr. Hallam* is alone sufficient to establish the acknowledged authority of Parliament in matters of general legislation.

Elizabeth, no doubt, had disputed with her Parliament, and had not scrupled to deal harshly with its members; but she never treated the House of Commons as a party opposed to her. She was sparing in her demands for money, and though she had an irritable temper and a strong hand, she knew how to stop before she had compromised her own dignity or got involved in an inevitable quarrel. This is clearly shown by what happened in Dutton's case (1566). He had touched in Parliament on the question of the Scotch succession. The Queen caused him to be arrested and examined in the Star Chamber. The House of Commons, on the other hand, showed themselves determined to take up the question of privilege, and Elizabeth, who had intended to prosecute Dutton, released him without further question or trial, professing at the same time her intention of not interfering with their privilege. As her latest historian says, 'No one knew better than Elizabeth how to withdraw from an indefensible position.†

The exact contrary of this proposition

* 'Er hat den Ton für die Regierung der Stuarts angegeben, und den Knoten der Geschichte seiner Enkel geschürzt.'—Geschichte von England, ii. s. 10.

* 'Constitutional History,' i. p. 3.

† Froude, vol. viii. p. 321.

may be asserted with equal truth of James I. and of his son; in addition to which they had the knack of putting themselves into such a position with extraordinary readiness.

James himself was incapable of comprehending, much less of assuming, the relation in which Elizabeth had stood to her Parliament and her people. His accession to the throne of England was to him a liberation from the turbulence of an aristocracy whom he could not curb, and the meddling democracy of a Church which he detested. He felt as the heir to £20,000 a year may feel when, after being pinched and cramped in his allowance and lectured by a morose father, he succeeds to his estates. He came with a full conviction of his own divine rights as paramount over everything, and the incident which occurred on the way to London of his causing the pickpocket at Newark to be hanged without trial, is a curious illustration of the temper and spirit in which he took possession of the throne. He considered that as a king he was on the same footing as all other kings, and entitled to the rights, not of the sovereign of England, but of the class generally.* It went against him to treat the Dutch otherwise than as rebels, although their national existence was the first element in that great league against the House of Austria, which he ought to have headed.† Nothing was ever more unpopular than the peace of 1604 with Spain, and the subsequent intrigues about the Spanish marriage. The King's whole policy was vacillating and uncertain. He had two courses open to him: he might have opposed his son-in-law's acceptance of the Bohemian Crown, and then have thrown all his weight on the side of the preservation of peace; or he might have joined the league of Protestant Germany with heart and hand. He took neither of these courses, but halted between the two. He offended his own subjects by his lukewarmness in the cause of Protestantism, whilst he conciliated

no one of his enemies, and failed even to save the inheritance of his daughter's children. Buckingham himself said to him, 'So long as you waver between the Spaniards and your subjects, to make your advantage of both, you are sure to do with neither.'

Even James's good qualities were hurtful; his learning degenerated into pedantry, and increased his obstinacy in theological matters, whilst his good nature made it impossible to repulse those encroachments on his liberality, which made him a beggar. We may console ourselves by thinking that had he not constantly wanted money, the English constitution might have wanted the House of Commons before his reign was ended. The necessities of the Crown were the opportunities of Parliament. Above all, however, James's mode of government, after Cecil's death, by favourites such as Carr and Villiers, was hateful to the nation and fatal to his successor. What could be expected from Charles, bred in such a school of statesmanship, already in the grasp of Buckingham, and imbued with all those principles of unlimited prerogative and ecclesiastical supremacy, which James had professed and tried as well as he could to uphold?

The book before us, which gives us a full and authentic life of one of the most distinguished English patriots in the latter years of James and the first Parliaments of Charles I., is thus one of unusual interest. As a private biography it has great worth, since it presents us with a picture of an English country gentleman of that day, highly educated and accomplished; and as a portion of public history, it is still more valuable. It is not a book to be treated as the groundwork for political discussion or party declamation. Its narrative of these times and the minute facts involved in it are really valuable because they exhibit the process by which the institutions of the country were developed and preserved to us. Had it not been for the efforts of such men as Sir John Eliot in the time of James and Charles, there would have been no House of Commons in existence to struggle against James II.; yet before Mr. Forster published his 'Statesmen of the Commonwealth' in 1834 no biography of him existed.

John Eliot was the son of a Cornish squire, whose family had settled at the old priory of St. German's, having acquired that property in exchange for lands in Devonshire from the Champenownes. The outside of the house at Port Eliot has a peculiar charm from its close neighbourhood to the Norman

* It is against this argument of James's that Selden's remarks in his 'Table Talk' are directed when he says, 'kings are all individual—this or that king—there is no species of kings; and again, 'a king that claims privileges in his own country, because they have them in another, is just as a cook that claims fees in one lord's house, because they are allowed in another. If the master of the house will yield them, well and good' (in v. 'King.')

† This view Hume seems to attribute to a 'sense of justice.' He says, 'that having conversed more fully with English ministers and courtiers, he found their attachment to that republic so strong, and their opinion of common interest so established, that he was obliged to sacrifice to politics his sense of justice; a quality which, even when erroneous, is respectable as well as rare in a monarch.'—Vol. vi. p. 7.

gate and ivied towers of the grand old church, formerly belonging to the priory. Inside the mansion are now to be found some of Sir Joshua's most charming pictures, and the manuscript records which form the basis of these volumes. Eliot was born in 1590, and at the age of seventeen or eighteen got involved in a quarrel with a Mr. Moyle living in the parish of St. German's. It appears that Mr. Moyle had made some representation to Eliot's father as to his son's expenses, and the young man, indignant at his interference, drew his sword upon him, and wounded him slightly. He afterwards begged pardon, and appears to have continued on the most friendly terms with Mr. Moyle for many years. In estimating Eliot's conduct in this matter the wild and reckless manners of the period must be considered. At any rate the offence was pardoned, and had it been considered very discreditable to him, we should most certainly find it constantly cited in afterlife by his numerous and bitter enemies, which is not the case. There never was a man whom, when his spirit could not be daunted, and his arguments could not be answered, it would have been more convenient to wound or crush by a reference to some youthful indiscretion. In 1607 he became a Gentleman Commoner of Exeter College, but although he remained three years at Oxford, he did not take a degree. After being called to the bar he travelled abroad, and singularly enough became for a time the companion of that George Villiers, whom, as the favourite, he was destined at a later period so deservedly to attack. Eliot's wife, whom he married in 1611, was a Cornish lady of the name of Gedie; by her he had a large family. The present Earl of St. German's, to whose liberality Mr. Forster is indebted for the materials of this interesting book, is the descendant of Nicholas, the fourth son of Sir John.

In the Parliament of 1614 Eliot sat for St. German's, and then too for the first time, appeared among the Commons of England John Pym and Sir Thomas Wentworth. After a cry against 'undertakers,' a resolution against the King's right to levy impositions, and a furious attack on Bishop Neile, the House was dissolved without passing a single bill, and the Parliament became known by the name of the 'Addled Parliament;' but yet, in this Parliament, the great question between the Crown and the Commons was distinctly raised. In fact the consequences of James's quarrel with this Parliament were far more serious than a mere glance at the surface of history would lead

us to suppose. Mr. Gardiner, who has published an excellent history of James's reign,* has also by his examination of the archives of Simancas thrown great light on this point. By his kindness we are enabled to afford to our readers some information which is exceedingly curious as illustrating James's character, the origin of the Spanish marriage, and the relations of the English Government of that day to Gondomar.

It appears, then, that the King had learnt the Ambassador's determination and strength of purpose, by having been compelled to yield to his demands for the liberation of a certain Spanish lady, Doña Luisa de Carvajal. Now, with that consciousness of his own weakness which is visible in all his acts, when he became disgusted with the turbulence of his Parliament, he had recourse at once to Sarmiento (Gondomar).† He sent for the Spanish Minister and begged him to transmit to the King of Spain the true version of the quarrel with the House of Commons, 'rather than that which was given in the streets.' He went on to say that the King of Spain had many more kingdoms and more subjects than he had; but, he added, with a sort of bitter humour, 'there was one thing in which he surpassed His Majesty, namely, in having a larger Parliament; for the Cortes of Castille was composed of little more than thirty persons, whilst his parliament consisted of nearly four hundred. There was no head to them, and they voted in a disorderly way. There was nothing heard at their sittings but cries, shouts, and confusion. He was astonished that the Kings his predecessors had given their consent to such things. *He himself had found the institution in existence when he came, and he was unable to get rid of it.*'

The effect, therefore, of the quarrel with the Parliament of 1614, on the irritable temper and weak intellect of James, was that he threw himself into the arms of Spain. He probably would not have done so if the Spanish Minister had been a man of less power: as it was he evidently hoped by the Spanish match to counterbalance in some way the turbulence of his own subjects. The power of Spain was to be employed against the liberties of England; and the instinct which made the match so unpopular in this country was true and sagacious. How James thought the object was to be ef-

* 'History of England, from the Accession of James I. to the Disgrace of Chief Justice Coke, 1603—1616.' By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, late student of Christ Church. 8vo., 2 vols. London, Hurst and Blackett, 1863.

† His name was Diego Sarmiento de Acuña: he was created Conde de Gondomar in 1617.

fect in this way is not quite so clear. Sarmiento, feeling his power over the King, at once endeavoured to make the match with the Infanta acceptable to his own Court. Paul V. (Borghese) objected to it, but still the project was submitted to a Junta of Theologians, and the conditions were drawn up and placed in Digby's hands. Then, however, all sorts of doubts and apprehensions crossed James's mind before he finally acquiesced in the substance of what was proposed.

In September, 1615, poor Arabella Stuart died in the tower. It is difficult, when we think of her treatment, to feel much compassion for the embarrassments or sorrows of James II. The fall of Somerset occurred in the same autumn, but the trial of the Earl and Countess did not take place till the month of May in the following year. Thus ended the career of the first of those favourites whose paramount influence was so unfortunately characteristic of the reigns of James and Charles.* Eliot appears to have esteemed and pitied Overbury. In October, 1618, Raleigh was executed, but there appears grave reason for doubting whether he was merely sacrificed to Spain in the manner usually assumed. We are inclined to think that fresh light will yet be thrown on this episode in history. Lewis Stukeley, Raleigh's betrayer, had held the Vice-Admiralty of Devonshire, and Eliot, who had been knighted, succeeded him in that office in January, 1619. The Marquis of Buckingham, Eliot's old travelling companion, was Lord High Admiral of England. The place of Vice-Admiral, in the west of England at least, was then no sinecure. It is difficult for us at this time to conceive either the imbecility and helplessness of our own naval administration, or the insecurity of our coasts and seas.

That the Turkish and Barbary pirates swept the Mediterranean and ravaged the shores of Italy and Spain we knew before. We had heard that Barbarossa deliberately laid a plan to carry off Julia Gongaza from Fondi, and that the Christian captives at one time at Algiers exceeded 25,000, but we confess that we were ignorant of the fact that in the seventeenth century prisoners without number were carried into slavery

from the western counties of England. Mr. Forster says: 'He (Eliot) estimates the number of Christians captured during the outrage at not less than twelve hundred. "This man bewayled his sonne; that, his father; another, his brother; a fourth, his servant, and the like. Husbands and wives, with all relations els^o of nature and civillie, did complaine."' (Vol. i. p. 317.) It would seem that twenty 'Turks and Renegadoes' were hanged at once as pirates at Plymouth (p. 194). One of the Algerine captures was reckoned to be worth more than a quarter of a million (p. 193). A Turkish pirate captured a ship and three Cornish fishing-boats at the very mouth of Dartmouth harbour; and again, 'There were fourtie saile of Turks, besides those which formerlie kepte that coast, then in one fleet come within the Channel.' (Vol. i. p. 320.) Mr. Forster tells us (p. 428) that these accounts are fully corroborated by the manuscripts in the State Paper Office.*

Besides the Turks and Barbary pirates, every adventurer who chose to fit out a vessel and gather together a sufficient number of desperate characters, seems to have robbed and plundered ships on the high seas or in harbour, as he pleased. Among the most distinguished of these freebooters was a certain Captain Nutt, whom Eliot, by the exercise of considerable courage and craft, managed to get into his power. The pirate then charged the Vice-Admiral with having encouraged his piracies and shared in his plunder. These accusations were sufficiently re-

*It is a curious fact that the Ironmongers' Company still have the charge of a large fund originally left for the redemption of British slaves in Turkey or Barbary. This fund, which in 1819 amounted to £256*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* per annum, is left by a certain Thomas Betton, whose will is dated July 1, 1728. Half the income of his property was to be applied in the manner stated yearly, and every year for ever. In 1750, as much as 764*l.* was paid; in 1765, 4000*l.*; in 1816 (the year of the taking of Algiers), 1250*l.* (Attorney-General v. Ironmongers' Company, Craig and Phillips's Reports, p. 208.) Previously to this devise Lord Craven had, in 1647, given part of his property to endow scho arships at the two Universities, and the residue to redeem British captives in Turkey or Barbary. In 1819 a scheme was sanctioned by the Court of Chancery for receiving a moderate portion in case captives should be made; and the residue was applied to increase the income and number of the scholars. (Attorney-General v. the Bishop of Llandaff, 2 Mylne and Keen's Reports, p. 586.)

Lady Mico, by her will, dated in 1670, bequeathed a sum of money to be invested and the income employed in redeeming poor slaves, apparently contemplating the redemption of slaves in the Barbary states. The only part ever applied was 15*l.* of stock, which, in 1727, was paid to Sir Charles Wager for the redemption of poor captive slaves. In 1833 the fund was ordered to be transferred to trustees, to be applied in the education of the apprentices and the issue in the British colonies. (Attorney-General v. Gibson, 2 Beavan's Reports, p. 317.)

*Mr. Gardiner infers from Gondomar's despatches that the secret which Somerset was supposed to hold over James's head may have been the simple fact that he had for the last twelve months been thoroughly committed to Spain. It is curious to find from the Spanish archives that Eliot's friend Sir Robert Cotton was the go-between employed by Somerset in his communications with the Ambassador, and that he (Cotton) professed in the warmest manner that he was at heart a Catholic!

futed, but Nutt was protected by Sir George Calvert (afterwards Lord Baltimore) and finally obtained a pardon. Eliot, on the other hand, was committed to the Marshalsea and remained a prisoner for some time. Nutt returned to his old courses, and many years afterwards plundered a vessel which was conveying Lord Wentworth's furniture and plate to Ireland.

At the conclusion of the Parliament of 1614, James had sent some of the refractory members to the Tower, and had committed himself to the struggle against the liberties of England. His extravagance, and the position of foreign affairs, made money necessary for him, but his appeal to the country for 'Benevolences' was met by a sullen feeling that Parliament was the only legitimate source whence supplies should be derived.

Years elapsed before another Parliament assembled: it met on the 30th of January, 1620-1,—a day of evil omen for the house of Stuart.* At this moment the voice and the purse of the people of England would have supported James, if he had placed himself at the head of the Protestant cause in Europe. But whilst the nation and its representatives were expressing their abhorrence of Spain and its principles, the King and his favourite were doing their best to promote the marriage of the Prince and the infant. At length, on the 18th of December, 1621, the Commons of England adopted that protest which asserts in the strongest terms the hereditary liberties of Englishmen and the freedom of debate and speech in Parliament. James tore the protest with his own hand from the documents on the following day, and after the dissolution imprisoned Phillips, Coke, and other members.

After Buckingham's return from Spain on the 6th of October, 1623, Eliot addressed a letter to the Lord High Admiral, which we think Mr. Forster is quite justified in characterizing as manly and independent in its tone. The King by his want of money was obliged to summon a new Parliament, which met in February 1623-4. In this Parliament Eliot had a seat as member for the borough of Newport, in Cornwall, and until

some time at least after its meeting he had probably continued his private and official intercourse with Buckingham.

One of the first acts of the House of Commons was to stop the proceedings which had been instituted against Eliot and his servants. Eliot himself spoke immediately afterwards, and this was in fact the commencement of that fearless action as a Parliamentary leader which was destined to bring him to an early grave, whilst it secured to him a reputation for honesty, ability, and patriotism, such as few have earned. He referred to the proceedings of the last Parliament, and in the course of his speech he said:—

'For as Parliaments have been ever held to be the chief support and pillar of the kingdom, so is this privilege of parliaments essential to their existence; by which opinions are plainly delivered, difficulties beaten out, and truth resolved upon. Were it otherwise, men fearing to displease would blanch those propositions that might have question, and silence their understandings in matters of most import. And in this, the protestation of the Commons last made gives me great satisfaction, as proceeding from excellent deliberation and advice. Its reasons were well weighed. Such had been the habit and long use of this place. Still had its way been held with jealous regard to the honor and dignity of our head—the King. More for his sake than for ours, it behoved that such liberty be allowed. The business is the King's; the kingdom hath its representative in the King. In him our resolutions rest. We are only called hither upon either the general affairs of the kingdom or the special propositions of His Majesty, and therein but to deliberate and consult, not to conclude. Without our privileges we should fail to perform that duty. And can it be thought that in claiming them, in order that we may facilitate His Majesty's resolutions and ease him in the consideration, leaving the end still to himself, in this can it be thought there is any diminution or derogation to regality?'—vol. i. pp. 138, 139.

An address to the King was carried unanimously advising him to break off the treaties for the marriage and urging the restoration of the Palatine. James demanded 700,000*l.* to begin the war with, and an annual payment of 150,000*l.* towards his debts.

Eliot's position in the House was now one of considerable influence; he cast his whole weight against Spain, and when the impeachment of the Lord Treasurer Middlesex took place, although he did not take a part at first, he spoke strongly before a conclusion was come to, and added his voice to those which voted against the Treasurer. This case was the great precedent which established definitively the power of the Commons over an obnoxious minister, and it be-

* It is singular that the author of that useful little book, 'The Annals of England' (Oxford: Parker, 1856), should have supposed that there were two Parliaments, one in 1620, and another in 1621, which met on the 30th of January. The mistake arose, of course, from confusion as to the commencement of the year on the 1st of January or the 25th of March. The error is worth noticing because the book is, we believe, used as a text-book in the University lectures. It will be found in the second volume at pp. 335-336. The Parliament of 1620 was really summoned for the 16th of January, prorogued by proclamation to the 23rd, and then to the 30th. See 'Parl. History,' vol. i. p. 1168.

came a weapon of fearful efficacy against the crown.

Buckingham, for his own purposes, taught the House of Commons how to use the weapon of impeachment, when he abandoned Middlesex to their attacks in 1624. James was quite right when on that occasion he told him, 'By God, Steenie, you are making a rod for your own back.' In reality, however, as we have observed, the great issue between the King and the Parliament had been joined in 1614, when James dissolved the House and caused Hoskins and other members to be imprisoned. This issue is the one which was tried in the long struggle through the reign of Charles, and on which the final judgement was given only in 1688.

Three subsidies and three fifteenths (about 350,000*l.*) were voted as payable within the year. In the mean time the Commons had never acquiesced in the decision of the Judges in Bate's case, in which the right of the Crown to levy a duty of five shillings a hundredweight on currants in addition to the half crown granted in the Statute of Tonnage and Poundage had been affirmed. The uncertainties and extortions consequent on this exertion of the Prerogative were crying grievances. The notes of Eliot's speech on this subject have been recovered by Mr. Forster, and it is well worth while to quote a passage from it, the principles of which are far in advance of the age when it was spoken:

'The greatness of the charges lessening the merchant's benefit, discourages him from trade, and makes him to desist; and every man so lost to commerce is lost to the King. Projectors fatten upon individual loss, but the King and the State are weakened. His Majesty derives profit, not from heavy duties on some, but cheapness in all. The number it is that will supply His Majesty's profit, if there be vent, and not only with advantage outgo all projects in that particular, but with an infinite enriching to the whole kingdom, not only in the commodities, but in the labours of our men, to make them more industrious who now stand idle and do devour us. The town of Amsterdam can give us good testimony in this. There, as I am credibly informed, their customs come to more than in all England, and yet the proportion and rate not a third part of ours. What is the cause of this? The easiness of the charge. It is that which does not only quicken their own, but draw other merchants thither. For wherever the merchant's benefit is most, there they resort; and especially that nation whose inclination hither we may easily discern. And would it not then be so much with us upon the like reason? Yes, and much more. Much more; as we exceed in many opportunities and

advantages, which they affect and study, but possess not. Our harbours are more; our harbours are better; our harbours are nearer in the course and way of trade. And that which they fear there, the danger of an enemy in whose view they pass into their own country, our coast is free from. So that, abate the customs, and they will be soon drawn hither. Here they will come to make their staples; and herein His Majesty shall not only gain by the multitude of exotic importations, but by the exportation of the same commodities that will pass hence to serve our neighbours. Their example, too, with the same reason, will likewise stir our merchants.'—vol. i. p. 169, 170.

The Declaratory Act against monopolies was then passed; the Parliament was prorogued from time to time, and the French match was settled in spite of the remonstrances against concessions to the Catholics; but on the 27th of March, 1625, King James died.

It is worth while to quote Mr. Hallam's summary of the work done by the Parliament during this King's time, because it shows us the position in which the House of Commons and the Crown stood at the opening of the next reign:—

'The Commons had now been engaged, for more than twenty years, in a struggle to restore and to fortify their own and their fellow-subjects' liberties. They had obtained in this period but one legislative measure of importance, the late Declaratory Act against monopolies. But they had rescued from disuse their ancient right of impeachment. They had placed on record a protestation of their claim to debate all matters of public concern. They had remonstrated against the usurped prerogatives of binding the subject by proclamation, and of levying customs at the outports. They had secured beyond controversy their exclusive privilege of determining contested elections of their own members. They had maintained and carried indeed, to an unwarrantable extent, their power of judging and inflicting punishment, even for offences not committed against their house.* Of these advantages some were evidently incomplete; and it would require the most vigorous exertions of future parliaments to realise them. But such exertions the increased energy of the nation gave abundant cause to anticipate. A deep and lasting love of freedom had taken hold of every class except, perhaps, the clergy, from which when viewed together with the rash pride of the Court, and the uncertainty of constitutional principles and precedents, collected through our long and various history, a calm bystander

* This was particularly true with reference to the case of Floyd, a Roman Catholic, who for some insulting words against the Elector Palatine and his wife, was sentenced to be pilloried and whipped, as well as heavily fined. See Hallam's *Constit. History*, vol. i. p. 354.

might presage that the ensuing reign would not pass without disturbance, nor, perhaps, end without confusion.' — *Constitutional History*, vol. i. p. 366.

It appears that among the papers at Fort Eliot there exists in Sir John Eliot's handwriting one which is in appearance a fragment or intended portion of a larger work. It contains a narrative of every incident and debate in the Lower House in Charles's first Parliament during its sitting at Westminster and at Oxford, with summaries of the leading speeches and reports of those made by Eliot himself —

'In what has survived,' says Mr. Forster, 'we have the record, not insufficient, however incomplete, of the opening scenes of one of the grandest conflicts in which the men of one generation ever engaged to secure the happiness and freedom of generations that were to follow.

'In the very title given to his manuscript by Eliot that idea appears. Not for ourselves we did these things, made these sacrifices, underwent these toils and sufferings, but for you. It was not our own business we were then transacting, but yours. — *Negotium Posterorum*,' vol. i. p. 211.

This title certainly shows a singular appreciation of the importance of the efforts which the Commons were then making to establish the liberties of the subject, and it is rare that any estimate of the value of that which is being done at the time, and which afterwards becomes subject-matter for history, is so true and so just when looked back upon in future ages.

The French marriage had inspired great mistrust, and the laxness of the execution of the penal laws against Catholics had roused all the Puritan suspicion, and awakened all the Protestant sympathies of the House of Commons and of the country. It is difficult for us in these days to bring our minds to conceive the indignation excited by a reluctance to persecute; it must be remembered, however, that toleration in our sense of the word was recognized as a virtue by no party; and that the indulgence shown by the Crown towards Catholic recusants implied the political heresy of the dispensing power. Its exercise was intended by one party and was accepted by the other as an assertion that the King was above the Statute Law. In the course of the reigns of all the Stuarts moreover the course pursued both in England and Scotland, towards Puritans and Presbyterians, showed clearly enough that it was not persecution as such which the Court wished to avoid. The

concessions made as a matter of favour to Foreign Ambassadors and others amounted in fact to setting aside the law of the land at the discretion of the King. Bassompierre tells us in his '*Mémoires*,' that when he returned from his embassy in December, 1626, he arrived at Dover with a suite of 400 persons, among whom were no less than seventy priests whom he had got out of the English Prisons. He was detained there fourteen days by bad weather, and, evidently much to his dissatisfaction, had to defray all the expenses of the party.*

We cannot, therefore, wonder that this subject excited a deep interest in Charles's first Parliament. Our author says: —

'Such, at the opening of Charles's reign, while the laws against Puritan dissent were pressed with eager severity, was the condition of the laws to which the great bulk of the nation in those days looked for their only safeguard and succour against Rome. The picture will startle many whom the statements of writers otherwise disposed have familiarised with opposite views; who have quoted the Statute Book to show how harsh were its provisions; who have condemned this Parliament for desiring to exaggerate what it was the duty of the Council to keep within stricter limits; and who have ascribed the disasters of Charles's later Parliaments to the intemperance that would now have singled out a young king's accession for addition of fresh penalties to a persecution already intolerable. Eliot places the real state of the case entirely beyond question. After giving various instances under the several heads (that is, modes of evading or thwarting the due course of law) named above, he proceeds, "All which did hinder the execution of the laws, and rendered them fruitless in that point; and herein were found the causes of disease and sickness. Examples were cited of all these, to warrant their reasons and opinions, whereof it was thought necessary there should be a true information to the King, and an address and petition to reform them. For a preparation to that work, the clerk was appointed to bring in, at the next sitting, all the petitions of that kind which formerly had been made, but of which further consideration was reserved." — vol. i. p. 251, 252.

This was done accordingly, and a committee was appointed to frame a new address and petition.

Then followed the proceedings against Dr. Richard Montagu, who had been complained of in James's last Parliament, and whom the old Archbishop Abbot had advised to 'be the occasion of no more scandal.' Montagu was censured and committed by the House, but before the House adjourned he was released and made one

* '*Mémoires* Ed. Petitot,' vol. lll. p. 76.

of the King's chaplains. Whatever we may think of the wisdom of the Commons in dealing with such matters, there can be no doubt of the folly of Laud and others who, according to what Mr. Forster calls 'a formula of words of Eliot's expressive of the entire tragedy of Charles Stuart's reign,' set about 'to make men most obnoxious more secure, and those that were most hateful to the public to be most honoured and esteemed.'

Well might Laud in his Diary on the 29th of January in this year, after mentioning the King's consideration of Montagu's opinions, add the ominous words, '*Videor videre nubem surgentem et minantem Ecclesie Anglicanæ. Dissipet pro misericordia sua Deus!*'

It is a curious and important fact, established by Eliot's papers, that the rules for the orderly procedure of business in the House of Commons were already in his time thoroughly settled and established. The House was conscious of its power, and it knew that its success in upholding it depended on union and regularity among its members. Its orders and its precedents were to it, as a deliberative assembly, what drill and discipline are to an army in the field. We may be permitted to observe in passing that at the present day, when England has spread constitutional government over the world, the importance of these traditional rules and this procedure cannot be overrated. Their existence as precedents for the guidance and government of our colonial parliaments tends greatly to mitigate the evils arising from a rude constituency and uneducated representatives, and the forms of the Parliament of England act as a safeguard to be jealously maintained and upheld by all who wish well to law and freedom in Australia or in Canada.

We have no space to dwell on the controverted election between Saville and Wentworth, but it is quite worth while to refer to a remarkable letter of Strafford's, written in after years, which bears strong evidence to the power and energy of Eliot as an opponent, and to his weight in the House of Commons. This letter is addressed to Mr. Secretary Cooke on the 16th of March, 1639, from Beaumaris, where he was detained for want of a fair wind on his way to Ireland. He says that he apprehends a fit of the gout, but that he will go to Ireland and return as quickly as possible. 'For I will make strange shift and put myself to all the pain I shall be able to endure, before I be anywhere awanting to my master or his affairs in this conjuncture;

and therefore, sound or lame, you shall have me with you before the beginning of the Parliament; *I should not fail though Sir John Eliot were living.*' Few men have lived whom Strafford could have been supposed by any man to fear.

Well may Mr. Forster say that no greater tribute has ever been uttered to Eliot's memory than these words.

With regard to supply, a bill for two subsidies (about 140,000*l.*) was passed, and to all appearance accepted graciously by the Crown. The King had retired to Hampton Court on account of [the pestilence, and had intimidated by message his readiness to close the session. Supply having been thus voted, a very large number of members left London, so that the House was reduced to one-fourth of its number.

Mr. Hallam has some remarks on the penuriousness of the Parliament, and the way in which they voted tonnage and poundage only for one year, not for the life of the King, as had been usual for two centuries. He says truly enough that a more liberal proceeding, if it did not meet with corresponding concessions, would have put Charles more in the wrong. Considering that this parsimony has been the chief subject of reproach against the Parliament of 1625, the matter is, as Mr. Forster remarks, too important not to be explained in Eliot's own words:—

'The bill,' he says, "was drawne in the usuall forme, as formerlie it had been in the daies of King James; for the like terme of life and in such latitude as to him. At which some exceptions were then made, and motions for change and alteration; upon which it was referred, for the better discussion and debate, to the Grand Committee of the House, into which, the Speaker leaving his chair, they presentlie resolved themselves. Some did object in that, the exactions of the officers, and the inequality of the customs then required; and urged therein a necessitie for the marchantes to have a new book of rates, to settle and compose it; which could not be prepared in so short a time and sitting. Others alleged the pretermitted customs, grounded upon the misconstruction of that lawe, which ought to be examined likewise; and the lawyers that then remayned were thought to be incapable of that worke'. Therefore, on these reasons, they infer'd a desire for a limitation in the Act, and that it might but continue for one year; against which time those difficulties being resolved, they might again renew it, with a larger extension and continuance. Others to this added the question of impositions in the generall, and craved a special care not to have that excluded. The older times were mentioned to note the former grants,

wherein, though there were collected a great variety and difference, yet all were within the limitation of some years. Sometimes for one, sometimes for two, seldoms above three, and that in the best reigns and governments, and to the wisest princes; but never for life, till towards the end of Henry VI., in those beginnings also it had had other limitations and restraints, and, for a time, a less extent and latitude." — vol. i. p. 293.

This limitation was vehemently opposed by the members of the Privy Council. Finally, a proviso was added saving all rights of the Crown, and on the 7th of July the bill for one year was sent up to the Lords, where, as Elliot says, "It received like favour and dispatch; * but was not made a law, wanting the '*roy le veut*;' which being denied it, show'd what must be lookt for." (p. 294.)

We admit that Elliot's explanation alters the case with regard to the bill for tonnage and poundage, but we think even from his account and from the reference to the old precedents, that a well-grounded mistrust of Buckingham, not the absence of the lawyers, was the real cause of the limitation to one year. The circumstances no doubt afforded a plausible ground for withholding the grant for life at the moment; but the whole proceeding tended to set the King still more strongly against Parliament.

On the 8th of July Buckingham came up to London, and, at the earnest request of Sir Humphrey May, Elliot went to York House in order, if possible, to dissuade him from asking the Commons for a fresh supply. The Duke persisted, alleged that it was the fault of the members themselves if they had gone away, and finally made it clearly appear that "success was not so much desired as a reasonable ground for quarrel."

The proposal was made in the House by Sir John Cooke, but was immediately dropped without being pressed to a division. "It was doubtless," says Mr. Forster, "the turning point of the destiny of Charles I.; for, if the young King had started with a disposition to treat the Commons fairly, he would have kept at his side the most powerful and the most loyal of his subjects, who were then the most trusted leaders of that House." Instead of this it was clear that the reins were abandoned to the self-will

and caprice of Buckingham; and after a difficulty as to the right of the House to adjourn itself, and a breach of the usual forms in not returning the supply bill to the Commons, the House separated on the 11th of July to meet again at Oxford on the 1st of August. A writ of adjournment was brought down, which the Commons refused to open or read, and the House adjourned itself; but, before this took place, Elliot moved a call of the members within three days of their next meeting.

The shortness of the interval, and the fact that Oxford, as well as London, was infected with the plague, seemed to show that there was an intention of causing unnecessary annoyance. All these difficulties were attributed to Buckingham's influence, and predisposed the opposition to attack him. The public grounds of discontent, however, were quite sufficient without the aggravation of personal feeling. It was in the course of this summer, and while Parliament was sitting, that eight English ships had been most disgracefully placed at the disposal of the French Government for the purpose of assisting in the attack on the Protestants of Rochelle. The crews mutinied more than once, and it was only after repeated protests from Admiral Pennington, the commander, that this transfer was carried out by an express Royal command. The crews returned, and Pennington kept out of the way till Parliament was dissolved.

At Oxford the Commons assembled in the Divinity School and the Lords in Christ Church Hall. The first complaint which came before the Lower House was one relating to a pardon granted to a Jesuit. The excuse was that it was customary to grant such favors to ambassadors on their leaving. *

The intention of striking at Buckingham became clear on the second day, when Sir Edward Coke again raised the question of Montagu and his book. The Duke and Laud were at that very time pressing this man on the King, as if the fact that he was obnoxious to the Commons formed an irresistible claim to preferment! The House were then asked for a further supply of 40,000*l.* to be applied in some design of the nature of which they were kept in total ignorance. In reality Buckingham desired to get rid of the Parliament, and he applied for a trifling sum in the first instance for the purpose of putting them more in the wrong by its refusal. The very smallness of the

* The common notion is that the Lords rejected the bill. See Hallam, "Constitutional History," vol. i. p. 370. See, however, the "Edinburgh Review," No. 245, p. 13, where it is stated that "it appears from the Lords' Journal that it proceeded no further than the first reading, when it was suffered to drop, most probably, at the instance of the king's ministers."

* See above, p. 70. This was not one of Bassompierre's priests; for he did not arrive till October 18th (28th) in this year.

amount, however, inspired suspicion of the whole proceeding by which the Parliament appeared to have been so unnecessarily summoned to Oxford; but the demand was in a very short time enlarged to 200,000*l.* by those who represented the Crown. When Sir Robert Phillips spoke he alluded to the fact that tonnage and poundage were at that very moment being levied without the authority of Parliament, and stated that they were still ignorant of the object which the ships to be furnished and sent out with this supply were destined to effect. It was evident enough that the Commons would neither refuse the supply at once nor grant it so as to admit of immediate prorogation.

An attempt was therefore made to smooth matters over by causing Buckingham to deliver in Christ Church Hall an answer to the petition on Religion as conciliatory as he could make it, but so tainted by personal vanity and arrogance on his part as to irritate rather than soothe. In truth, Buckingham by this time, like most men who live in a world of their own, had become incapable of judging truly of the effect which his words and conduct produced on others. What this effect was is pretty clear from Sir John Eliot's remarks:—

"In the meane tyme those passages were resolved that had been delivered at the meeting, and divers were the apprehensions which did followe them. That the Lord Keeper, the prime officer of the kingdom, should be made subservient to the Duke (for soe the act imported, being but an usher to his businesse), was thought preposterous and inverted. That the King's name must be a servant to his ends, under a declaration from His Majestie to ~~admit~~ an apologie for himselfe, seemed as a kind of wonder. That the whole Parliament should be made attendant upon him was not without a strangenesse, the like having seldom beene before. But above all portentous it was thought, that religion should be descended to his use, and that which admits noe equal or compeer to troupe up with the rabble of his followers. This was thought much in him soe to assume and take it, but more in those that made that concession to his power."—vol. i. p. 304.

On the 10th of August a direct message from the King was delivered asking for the means to send out the fleet, and promising, if they voted a supply, to call them together again in the winter.

The Commons did not fall into the snare which had been laid for them, and resolved neither to grant nor to deny, but first to prepare a remonstrance setting out their grievances. The draft of Eliot's speech in the debate which followed has been fortunately preserved in his own handwriting.

Mr. Forster tells us that the precedents collected by Sir Robert Cotton, with the intention of speaking himself, were handed over to his friend; and this accounts for the fact that so much of the speech as appears in the Parliamentary Histories is attributed to the former member. The mistake probably arose from the manuscript notes being found among Cotton's papers when they were afterwards seized. The mass of precedents quoted by Eliot had great significance, as bearing on the point that at all times those who had misled the King by their advice, or who had abused his liberality, had been called to a strict account by Parliament. Our author says:

"The drift, thus far, of Eliot's precedents and examples could not be doubtful. Though Buckingham had not been named, they confirmed every notorious abuse of his administration: the waste of royal lands and revenues, the abuse of grants and pensions, the sale of titles and judicial places, favor to recusants, mal-appropriation of subsidies, overriding of the royal authority, concentration of the highest offices in a single person, and bestowing of others unworthily on relatives, favorites, and dependants. They were, in fact, a complete forecast of the subjects comprised afterwards in the articles of his impeachment. All these things, however, known and generally denounced as they were, wanted something of the sharp precision and fatal exactness with which Eliot proceeded now to push his parallel to the very verge of the Oxford meeting; using sarcastically phrases by which Buckingham had produced laughter at the Christchurch comedy; and, by an incident brought vividly back through a waste of two hundred years, recalling the very shame and wrong they had all resented bitterly in the sudden breaking up at Westminster. The closeness of comparison and unshrinking plainness of speech, and, all circumstances considered, the dauntless courage in these closing passages, are, indeed, extraordinary. "Sir," resumed Eliot, "to draw you out to life the image of a former king's extremities, I will tell you what I have found here in Oxford since our coming to this meeting. It is the story of what was suffered here by Henry VI., writ by a learned man named Gascoigne, twice Vice-Chancellor of this place, a man who witnessed the tragedy of De la Pole. So rent away by ill council were the royal revenues, he tells you, that the King was enforced to live *de tollagis et quindenis populi*; that he was grown in debt more than half a million; that his powerful favorite, in treating of a foreign marriage, had not gained a nation at home, but had lost a duchy abroad; that, to work his cards, he had induced the King to adjourn the Parliament in *villis et remotis partibus regni*, where *propter defectum hospitii et victulium*, few could be expected to attend, and so he might enforce those few, to use the writer's words, *concedere regi quamvis pessima*. And

when an act of resumption was desired—that just and frequent way of reparation for the state (I call it frequent, because so usually was it done, that from the time of Henry III. to Edward VI., all kings but one did exercise it)—this powerful minister opposed it, and, telling the King it was *ad dedecus regni*, so stopped it.”

“But what succeeded on the Parliament taking it in hand? The same author tells you that the Commons, though wearied with travail and expenses, protested they would never grant an aid until the King should *actualiter resumere* all that was belonging to the Crown; adding, that it was most to the disgrace of royalty to leave its creditors in intolerable want, and to be engrossed wholly by the council of ONE MAN, who had brought great misery to the kingdom, such poverty to the King. All which good council still failed to work until by Parliament that bad great man was banished, when the act of resumption forthwith followed, and immediately the supply. If we should now, Mr. Speaker, seek a parallel to this how would it hold to us?” — Vol. i. pp. 419-421.

It is impossible to overrate the courage displayed by Eliot in such a speech as this, and it is impossible to estimate too highly the conservative spirit which guided the leaders of the opposition in all their attacks upon the Court. The one great feature of the English constitution, the appeal to the past, the *continuity of law*, if we may so term it, is visible throughout the early parliament of Charles I.; whilst there is joined with it a keen and practical sense of the nature of popular liberty and of its true value in this country.

Eliot concluded by following Philips in moving a remonstrance to the King, and added, ‘in due time we shall be ready to supply him.’ Another eminent western man, Glanville, strongly supported this course. He opposed either a refusal of supply or an immediate grant, although he advocated an assurance that such a grant would in due time be made. He added, with great force, that ‘it was the prerogative of kings to call parliaments at their pleasure, but, in counterpoise of that, their ancestors had erected the privilege for themselves to treat of what business they should please.’

Sir Robert Mansel, who had been named by the Lord High Admiral as a party to the naval preparation, denied all knowledge of its true character, and would not have the matter of supply put to question. This settled the course to be taken, and the remonstrance was resolved upon. The Court was aware of what was going on, and determined to dissolve, notwithstanding some specious opposition on Buckingham’s part, but a fresh attempt was made to obtain a supply. At length, on the 12th of August, the case

appeared thoroughly hopeless, and the proposal to name the Duke in the remonstrance was made by Sir Francis Seymour. Whilst the members following him were speaking, Glanville entered the House, and announced that there was not time to finish their remonstrance as proposed; a short protestation was accordingly substituted for it, which was passed and ordered to be presented whilst the black rod was actually knocking at the door.*

Thus ended the first Parliament of Charles, after a session of a very few weeks at Westminster and at Oxford. Much was done in it to uphold the power of that deliberative assembly, without which the Revolution of 1688 would have been an impossibility, and the liberties of Englishmen might long since have been forgotten. It is difficult to conceive anything more fraught with evil omens for the reign of Charles than the tone of the Court on the one hand, and of the Commons and people on the other, at this particular moment.

Eliot returned to his duties as Vice-Admiral of Devon. On the 4th of October the Cadiz expedition sailed, to return in two months, after ignominious failure. The King was to be crowned on Candlemas-day, and four days afterwards (February 6, 1626) Parliament was to assemble. All sorts of silly expedients were resorted to for disqualifying the leading member of the Opposition from sitting in Parliament, and for intimidating the Peers and great officers of State. The King himself inserted seven names in the list of Sheriffs, among which were those of Wentworth, Coke, Sir Robert Phillips, and Sir Francis Seymour. He compelled Pembroke to submit to Buckingham, threatened the Lord Marshal Arundel, and transferred the great seal from Williams to Coventry. Eliot declined to be nominated as member for the county, and at the end of January was returned as member for St. German’s.

After the coronation, Parliament met on the 6th of Feb., and assembled for business on the 10th of that month. Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, was recommended for speaker; Phillips, Seymour, and Coke had been pricked for Sheriffs, but were returned for their counties, although they could not sit; Pym, Selden, Sir Oliver Luke, Sir Bevil Grenville, and John

* Howell, in his letters, writing to Sir Sackville Trevor, from Oxford, says: ‘I am sorry I must write unto you the sad tidings of the dissolution of Parliament here, which was done suddenly. Sir John Eliot was in the heat of a high speech against the Duke of Buckingham when the Usher of the Black Rod knocked at the door and signified the King’s pleasure, which strook a kind of consternation in all the House.’ — Vol. i. p. 190, 4th letter.

Hampden, were all members of the House. Sir John Eliot very soon spoke of the condition of public affairs, and secured the appointment of a committee to review all the misgovernment and misapplication of public money, the late 'lute ill successes and losses of reputation, and the employment or waste of treasure in sums granted, — how in particular spent, and *by whose advice*, the last three years.' It is interesting to find from the papers at Port Eliot, that Hampden assisted his friend in the preparation of the materials for what was, in reality, the attack on Buckingham; for on him the various inquiries and reports were rapidly concentrating their whole force.

Charles soon became aware of this fact. A second message, urging supply, was sent to the House, to which they replied, that they were investigating and considering the remedies of certain great evils, and in connection therewith meant to grant an ample supply. The King then sent an *autograph letter*, as Mr. Foster truly remarks, 'if ever such was written,' for no communication could bear marked upon its face more clearly the reckless infatuation which brought Charles to the scaffold. He told the Commons that he saw they aimed at Buckingham; He assured them that the Duke 'hath not meddled or done anything concerning the public or commonwealth but by my special directions and appointment, and as my servant; and he ended by telling them that if they would not hasten his supply it would be worse for themselves. The 27th of March was fixed for the vote in supply, and before that day Eliot carried four resolutions against Buckingham, attacking him on the grounds of his neglect and maladministration as Lord High Admiral, the multiplicity of offices which he held, and his gross abuse of the patronage of the Crown in the sale of honours titles and offices.

We have not space to dwell on the cross charges of Lord Bristol and Buckingham against each other, or the foolish arrest of the Earl of Arundel, with reference to which the King was obliged to give way; nor on the case of the ship "St. Peter of Newhaven," in which Eliot fearlessly assailed the Duke, notwithstanding that he sheltered himself under the King's name.

On the 27th of March the vote demanded in supply amounted to three subsidies and three fifteenths.

"He (Eliot) had seen the necessity at once of bringing back and fixing consideration to the points in which alone any hope now rested for them. They must break the favourite, who must otherwise break them. It was not within

possibility, after the inquiries opened and the results already obtained, that there should be any middle course or bargaining. The time was passed for it. That he or they must fall, Eliot knew now to be the only issue, whatever time must elapse before determining it; and when he had finished the House knew it too."

Vol. i. p. 519.

He enlarged on the miserable failures of the Cadiz expedition and Count Mansfield's attempt to rescue the Palatinate. He recapitulated the corrupt bestowal of honours and places, and the wasteful expenditure of the treasures of the Crown. He again referred to the old precedents of Hubert de Burgh in the time of Henry III., and William de la Pole, and ended by saying, —

"Let us now do as our fathers did before us. Let us present our grievances and complaints that the satisfaction given in them may prepare the affections of the people; but in the mean time let us so far yield to the proposition for supply as to make formal promise of the aid which is so urged by the King. But for the act itself for the passing of the Subsidy Bill, that may wisely and well have licence to attend the despatch of the rest of our affairs, to which I hope our vote will be as auspicious as in the beginning this day (that of the King's accession) was prophesied to the Parliament." — vol. i. p. 525.

The result was a vote, nearly unanimous, "that three subsidies and three fifteenths be granted to his Majesty in this session of Parliament, payable at three separate times; *the bill to be brought in when we shall have presented our grievances, and received His Majesty's answer thereto.*" On the 29th of March both Houses were summoned to meet the King. The Lord Keeper reproached the Commons with the dishonour which they had cast upon the Crown by appending a condition to their vote of subsidies, and told them that if they would not vote a sufficient and unconditional supply, they must expect to be dissolved; to which Charles added, that Parliaments were entirely in his power as to their calling, sitting, and dissolution; and that, as he found the fruits of them to be good or evil, they were to continue or not to be.

If this threat meant anything, it meant that he contemplated the abolition of Parliaments as a possible course. It was, in fact an anticipation of Strafford's '*thorough*;' and it is impossible, when we read it not to honour and respect the men who, like Sir John Eliot, faced the storm and rescued the institutions of England. Such as it was, however, it had no effect on Eliot; he spoke as strongly before as to the right and duty of the House to inquire into the delinquencies of the King's servants and ministers. An attempt

was made to smooth matters over by another speech from the Duke to the Lords and Commons; but it is evident that, now as before, the very assumption of representing the Crown in such an address aggravated instead of soothing the feeling against him. His demeanour, too, in the conference chamber, when the articles of impeachment were opened, was unseemly and arrogant: but with greater prudence he absented himself when Eliot made the closing speech.

We wish that we had space to quote largely from that speech in the shape in which Mr. Forster now lays it before his readers. What especially moved Charles's wrath was the comparison of Buckingham to *Sejanus*. 'Implicitly,' said the King, 'he must intend me for *Tiberius*.' Laud in his diary records the committal of Eliot and Digges to the Tower on the 8th of May for the prologue and epilogue, as he calls it, of the charges. He did not see, what Mr. Forster truly says, that this was the first of those open and undisguised outrages which brought their author to the scaffold. The punishment was inflicted, not only for words spoken in Parliament, but was actually carried out while Parliament was sitting. The House was evidently resolved to proceed with no business until Eliot was liberated. Digges had been released on the day following his arrest, and on the 20th of May Eliot, after having been questioned, was set free. He justified in the House the expressions used in his speech, and was cleared by a unanimous vote from all imputations. It is impossible to conceive a more ignominious defeat for the King. In our author's words —

'He suffered for want of his father's cowardice quite as much as for want of Elizabeth's courage. His was one of those natures, not uncommon, which having no self-reliance have yet a most intense self-reference, and make up ever for yielding in some points by obstinacy in some other; and it was his misery always to resist, as he yielded, too late. After giving up everything that had sustained the prerogative while it had yet any work in the world to do, he believed in it to the last as the only thing that could help him; and he was not the less ready to seize Pym and Hampden in 1641 because of his defeat and discomfiture in the attempt to seize Eliot in 1626.' — vol. i. p. 570.

After Buckingham's indecent nomination as Chancellor of Cambridge whilst actually under impeachment, he sent in his answers to the charges of the Commons. A fresh application for supply had been made, but the House proceeded to complete their remonstrance, warning the King against re-

taining the Duke in his counsels, and protesting against all such advisers as should instigate him to levy aids, taxes, or subsidies contrary to the laws of the land. On the 15th the Parliament was dissolved. A show was made of an intention to prosecute the Duke in the Star Chamber; and the Secret Committee, of which Eliot was one, were called on by the Attorney-General to state the proofs of their charges. They treated the matter as one with which they were concerned only in Parliament. Eliot was then specially examined, but he adhered to the principle that he had nothing to do with it, except as a member acting by the command of the Commons of England.

It was then resolved to ruin Sir John Eliot in another way, and charges were prepared against him in connexion with the discharge of his duty, and his accounts as Vice-Admiral of Devon. After appearing before the Council, he was, in June 1627, committed to the Gate-house. Charles in the mean time had resolved to levy, if he could, the supply which Parliament had not finally granted in the shape of four subsidies and three fifteenths, as well as the tax of tonnage and poundage. The answers from all parts of England to these demands showed that there was but little chance of obtaining money in this form, and the conviction that Parliament was the only legitimate mode of extracting money from the subject, was evidently proved to have a firm hold of the mass of the people. We cannot enter into the discussion of Buckingham's motives for quarrelling with France, or the truth or falsehood of his disappointed love for Anne of Austria. A forced loan was resorted to, and the clergy lent themselves to this project on the part of the Crown; but the resistance was such as to require the most rigorous measures against those who refused to contribute or to aid in its collection. Eliot, foreseeing the difficulties in which he might be involved, had, between the winter of 1626 and the following summer, resettled his estates, and placed all his property in the hands of trustees. On the 27th of June in this year (1627) Buckingham sailed to Rochelle, and when reinforcements were most urgently wanted for this disastrous expedition, it became perfectly evident, as our author says, that the people's settled determination was, 'without a Parliament they would not give.' When we read in later years of Hampden's resistance to the King, and his death on the field of battle, let us not forget that he suffered a long imprisonment for refusing to submit to the illegal exaction of this forced

loan. Eliot embodied his reasons against this tax in a petition to the King, which he printed and circulated, and which is now given by Mr. Forster, in an authentic shape (vol. ii. pp. 87-93). The writ of Habeas Corpus sued out by Hampden and others was argued before the Judges, and the prisoners were left in confinement. At length the state of the country and the feeling of the public was such, that Charles resolved to call a Parliament. The writs were issued, and above eighty country gentlemen were released from prison. This third Parliament of Charles was summoned to meet on the 17th of March, 1628; and what was the position in which he had by this time placed himself? What were the probable relations in which he would stand towards the gentlemen of England and the representatives of the people? In spite of proved abuses and incompetence in the Cabinet and in the field, the King upheld the favourite who was universally believed to be the author of all the trouble and disasters which had occurred. In the teeth of the Commons of England he had levied taxes which they and he knew to be illegal: he had imprisoned those whom he had now again to meet clothed with the powers of the House of Commons: he had irritated and deceived the men whom he could not crush, and on whose votes the future prosperity of his reign must depend: he had proved conclusively his wish to overthrow that which his subjects believed to be the law of the land; and he had shown with equal clearness his impotence to effect this object.—What could he expect but the whirlwind which was to follow? Not a single man imprisoned on account of the loan who offered himself for election failed to obtain a seat; and among those returned for the first time appeared Hampden's cousin, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, for the borough of Huntingdon. Eliot might have sat again for Newport; but, in spite of his recent release from imprisonment, his outlawry, and all the efforts of Sir James Bagge and the friends of the Government against him, he was triumphantly returned for the county of Cornwall. When the Commons assembled on the 17th of March, neither Laud's sermon, nor His Majesty's speech, was calculated to soothe their temper or inspire greater confidence in the constitutional wisdom of the King.

The question of supply was to come on on the 24th of March; but on the 22nd a debate arose in which the speeches of Sir Thomas Wentworth and Sir John Rich were especially remarkable. The constitutional zeal

of the former was warmed, if not generated, by his desire to overthrow Buckingham, and the genuine patriotism of the latter was not likely to be less ardent because he had been imprisoned for many months without warrant of law. It was obvious enough that the discussion of grievances must again precede supply, and all that had passed since the last Parliament was not calculated to diminish the bitterness or assuage the wrath of Buckingham's opponents.

The King, feeling that the debate on grievances was inevitable, and that his want of money was urgent, suggested that one and the same Committee might deal with both subjects. This course was taken: Mr. Littleton was chairman of a committee of the whole House, to which were referred, in the first place, the liberty of the subject in his person and goods, and next, supply. Four resolutions on the first subject were adopted unanimously and sent up to the Lords, and a vote was passed for five subsidies. With the message from the King acknowledging this last vote, Buckingham's thanks were joined; and the arrogant folly of such a proceeding was indignantly protested against by Eliot, whose speech was received with the acclamation, 'Well spoken, Sir John Eliot.'

The resolutions of the Commons were argued in the Conference with the Lords for three days; Digges, Littleton, Selden, and Coke, as managers for the former, being opposed by the Attorney and Solicitor General, on behalf of the Crown. The Judges were called on to declare the nature of their judgment on the Habeas Corpus sued out by those who had been committed, and the resolutions of the Lords were, in fact, an evasion of the questions raised. In the mean time the King had begun to press the House in the matter of supply. Mr. Forster says, "His importunity betrayed him. Too broadly his purpose declared itself to use the House of Commons only for supply, and to dismiss it as soon as that object was achieved, not to have fixed its leaders irremovably to their own course, if in this they had ever wavered. But the House itself kept them steady and true" (vol. p. ii. 166).

They had resolved that supply and redress of grievances should go on together, or stop together. On the 25th of April five propositions modifying the resolutions of the Commons, were brought down from the Lords, and having been rejected by the former, the 28th was appointed for a final discussion of the subject. On the morning of that day the House was summoned to meet the King, when the Chancellor deliv-

ered a speech recognising the validity of the great Charter and the other six statutes relied on at the conference, but, in fact, calling upon them to trust for their secure observance to the word of the King. The Commons then resolved to frame a statute embodying and re-enacting the provisions of these Acts and of Magna Charta with reference to the liberties of the subject, and thus came into existence the immortal "Petition of Right." Eliot and Wentworth were both members of the Committee, to which its preparation was intrusted.

On the 8th of May the Petition, as passed by the Commons, was taken up to the Lords, or at least presented in a conference in the painted chamber; for Mr. Forster tells us that when a bill took this form it seems to have been the usage at that time that it should not pass through its first stage in either House until its terms had been agreed upon by previous discussions in conference. It was known, too, that the Commons had ordered a bill for five subsidies to be prepared—guarded, however, by fixing the terms of payment for each, and by the condition that the Petition of Right should be previously granted. A sharp struggle took place on the question of inserting words saving the King's sovereign power; but the Commons remained firm and undaunted. At length, on May 27th, the Lords had yielded, and the Petition of Right, with two immaterial verbal alterations, was accepted. On the 28th it was presented to the King, by whom it was received in silence.

The condition of things was now this: A bill, in the form of a petition, had been passed by both Houses. It wanted only the customary words "*Soit droit fait comme il est desire*" to become the law of the land. Without this constitutional sanction it was a nullity, and these words the Commons hoped to hear when they met the King in the House of Lords on the 31st of May.

Instead however of this, Charles made a short speech, in which he told the Parliament, "I am come hither to show you that, as well in formal things as essential, I desire to give you as much content as in me lies." And the Lord Keeper read a paper stating that the King willed right to be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, with other vague assurances of the same kind; but the necessary form of assent was still wanting. The Commons returned to their own House and adjourned.

Sir John Eliot saw clearly enough that the King could be reached only through Buckingham, and in a bold and memorable speech on the 3d of June he reopened all the

complaints against the favourite, and carried a resolution of the House for a remonstrance or declaration, to be presented to His Majesty. Charles supposed that he could save Buckingham and secure the subsidies only by consenting to the Petition of Right in its proper form, and on the 7th of June this was done; but, like all the concessions of this unfortunate King, it came too late to effect its object.

We are bound to state too that Charles's conduct in this whole business was at once imbecile and untruthful. If he had intended, as he said, to abide by the laws as they were recited in the Petition, why did he not give his assent in the usual form required by the precedents of many hundred years? If he did not intend to evade the Petition, why did he on the 26th of May, before he gave his first answer, privately consult the Judges as to its binding force if it were enacted as a statute? As Mr. Hallam observes, the sincerity of Charles in giving his assent to the Petition at all may be estimated by the fact of this conference. His conduct with reference to the Petition of Right had led to the remonstrance; but it did not follow because he was obliged to yield that he would then succeed in stopping the movement which his duplicity had caused. The Commons were bound to pass the Supply Bill, but they were bound to nothing else. On the 13th of June Eliot spoke in the strongest terms in favour of naming the Duke in the remonstrance, which was presented at Whitehall in the presence of Buckingham himself. The Bills of Supply were passed and assented to; but in the Commons a bill was introduced for the purpose of granting tonnage and poundage until the next session. This bill was so drawn as to assume the illegality of levying these duties without the assent of the House. Charles refused to accept the grant on these terms, and hastily prologued the Parliament on the 26th of June. On the 20th of that month Eliot had obtained leave to go down into the country on account of the death of his wife. Mr. Forster's remarks on this prorogation of Parliament are worth quoting:—

"So Charles I. closed a session for ever made memorable by the Petition of Right. He told the men by whose courage and constancy it was won, that he meant to resume the privileges it had wrested from him; and he told the Judges, whose servile acquiescence ahead he had secretly received, that on their construction of it he relied to defeat its provisions. But as in his efforts to avoid its enactment, so in this attempt to escape from its control, his over anxiety betrayed him. That he was ignorant of its full

meaning or of its binding force no man could believe; and it may be doubted if one even of his own servants thought it possible that he should be able to continue to govern as if his consent to it had not been given. In truth, the question had ceased to be personal. The pre-eminent value of the statute was that it had for the future placed the liberties of England upon a basis independent alike of the corruption of her judges and the encroachment of her kings. Those liberties might again be violated; but never again could be pleaded, in palliation or defence, the precedents and usages which the great Petition had deprived of their force and authority. Nor has the debt due to its framers ceased yet to be a warm and living obligation. It survived to conquer the prerogative through all the evil days that were in store for England, and to this hour it remains the defence and bulwark of her people." — vol. ii. p. 325.

Among the framers of this statute to whom our gratitude is thus due, Sir John Eliot stands the first. His courage and his sagacity never failed throughout the struggle, and he died a martyr to the cause which he had manfully upheld.

The King's disposition to favour all those who were most hateful to the Commons was sufficiently shown by the promotion of Laud to the see of London, of Montagu to that of Chichester, and by the collation of Manwaring to the living of Stamford Rivers. Wentworth, who had gone over to the court in the course of the last discussions on the Petition of Right, was elevated to the peerage and became a member of the Council. Now, as our author remarks, Charles had at length secured "a capable as well as a daring councillor." Fifteen hundred copies of the Petition, with the lawful words of assent appended to them, were called in and destroyed, and a large impression with the first answer was circulated, as if the legal effect of the Royal assent would be cancelled afterwards. Such a step, however it might indicate the King's intention to treat the Act as if it had never passed, appears at this time to us absolutely childish. In addition to all this, tonnage and poundage were levied, as if the bill authorizing their collection had passed. On the 23d of August, 1628, Buckingham had been murdered by Felton at Portsmouth. On the 20th of October Parliament was summoned to meet at Westminster, but was again prorogued till the 20th of January. In the course of the autumn merchants had been imprisoned for nonpayment of duties imposed by the Royal authority alone, and the fall of Rochelle had saddened the hearts of all sincere Protestants. To this last event Eliot alluded with great force in his first speech of this session.

Indignation was naturally felt, too, at the circulation of the Petition of Right with the informal answer, and on inquiry this act was traced to the King's direct orders. In addition to all this, the course pursued by Laud in Church matters embittered the feelings of men who leant to the Puritan side, and could not be justified or defended even by moderate churchmen like Eliot; but we have not space to enter on the ecclesiastical controversies of this unhappy period. They cannot, however, be overlooked, and without understanding them it is impossible fully to comprehend the true position of the King or the Commons.

The subject of tonnage and poundage remained yet to be dealt with. Sir John Eliot was Chairman of the Committee for examining into the grievances of the merchants, and on his report one of the Sheriffs of London was committed for contempt. In the mean time the oppressive proceedings in the Exchequer and the Star Chamber, in direct violation of the liberties secured in the Petition of Right, continued without check or control. The answer of the former court to the complaints made seemed to be based upon that very saving of the prerogative which the Lords had striven to insert, and the Commons had indignantly rejected, in the Petition of Right.

The House of Commons called to account the farmers of the revenue and the collecting officers, whilst the King expressly avowed that their acts were done by his command and authority. On the morning of the 25th of February the House was desired to adjourn to the 2nd of March, and it was evidently the intention of Charles to dissolve them. Why should he hesitate to do so? It was clear that he had determined to levy tonnage and poundage by his own prerogative, and where could be the use of listening to whining complaints against Arminianism and to a list of grievances, which his present conduct showed he had no scruple in inflicting on his subjects even after the Petition of Right? It was evident then that the Parliament would be dispersed, and it was of the utmost consequence that the declaration drawn up by the Committee with reference to tonnage and poundage should be placed on record in the House, and that resolutions should be passed on the subject.

The scene which occurred on the 2nd of March is well described by Mr. Forster:—

'As soon as prayers were ended, and the members seated, Eliot rose; when at the same moment the Speaker stood up in his chair, and said he had the King's command for adjourn-

ment until the morrow s'ennight, the 10th of March. Eliot, nevertheless, persisting, the cry became general that he should proceed: several interposing to say that it was not a Speaker's office to deliver any such command: that to themselves alone it properly belonged to direct an adjournment; and that, after some things were uttered they thought fit to be spoken of, they would satisfy His Majesty. Again upon this Eliot rose; but then the Speaker, stating that he had the King's express command to quit the House after delivering his message, made a movement to leave the chair; when at once Denzil Holles and Valentin laid hold of his arm on either side, and pressed him down. The action was sudden; Finch, taken by surprise, appears to have doubted for the moment what to do; and in that instant Eliot had begun to speak. This for the time was decisive, the whole House inclining to hear.'—vol. ii. p. 448.

The concluding words of this speech were as follows:—

'And therefore it is fit for us, as true Englishmen, in discharge of our own duties in this case, to show affection that we have to the honour and safety of our sovereign, to show our affection to religion, and to the rights and interests of the subject. It befits us to declare our purpose to maintain them, and our resolution to live and die in their defence. That so, like our fathers, we may preserve ourselves as freemen, and by that freedom keep ability for the supply and support of His Majesty when our services may be needful. To which end this paper which I hold was conceived, and has this scope and meaning.'—vol. i. p. 451.

Eliot then advanced to the table with the declaration of the Committee of Trade, but the Speaker refused to receive it, and the clerk declined to read it. The Speaker was twice called on to put the question, and twice protested that the King had commanded him not to do so. Selden stated that as their Speaker he was bound to put the question which they commanded, and that his refusal to do so was to abdicate his office. Twice he alleged the King's command and attempted to move from the chair, but Valentine, Long, and Holles held him there, and the last swore 'he *should* sit there till it pleased them to rise. All who desired the declaration to be read and put to the vote were called on to stand up, when a great majority rose. Eliot threw the declaration on the floor of the House. The Serjeant-at-arms attempted to take the mace from the table, but it was seized and replaced by Sir Miles Hobart, who locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Eliot, seeing that there was no time to spare, then produced a shorter declaration, in which were ex-

pressed in the strongest terms the illegality of levying tonnage and poundage without the warrant of Parliament, and the determination of the House to punish all who counselled such a levy, or aided in carrying it out. This was passed, and then three resolutions proposed by Holles, whilst the Speaker still sat by compulsion in the chair, were carried by acclamation. In the mean time, Black Rod had long been knocking at the door, which the King's officers had been sent for to force: it was opened, and the members rushed out.

Parliament was not formally dissolved till the 10th of March, but a proclamation for this purpose was signed on the 3rd, and on the following day Holles, Selden, Valentine, Coryton, Hobart, Hayman, Long, Strode, and Eliot were served with warrants to attend the Council.

Such was the last scene of Sir John Eliot's parliamentary life.

We do not intend to enter on a discussion how far the course taken by the Opposition in the Commons was justifiable or praiseworthy; but it must never be forgotten, as Mr. Forster says, that the real conspirators were the King and the Speaker, Sir John Finch. A plan was laid which implied on the part of the latter a betrayal of his duty and an abnegation of his functions. He was the organ of the House, and of no one else. If they resolved to sit until they were prorogued by the undoubted prerogative of the Crown, he was bound to obey, and until that time it was his duty to retain his place the symbol of authority on the table before him.

In this as in other cases, fraud or violence was met by similar weapons; and but for the work done by these men in Charles's third Parliament, there would have been no House of Commons competent to deal with the future encroachments of Charles or of James II.

'The King,' says Mr. Hallam, 'next turned his mind, according to his own and his father's practice, to take vengeance on those who had been most active in their opposition to him.'* Eliot, when heard with others before the Council, declined to answer any questions relating to his conduct in Parliament, to which alone he held himself responsible as a member, and the prisoners were immediately committed to the Tower. In addition to the charges now made, the Attorney-General took steps for reviving the old judgments and processes of outlawry against Eliot. Questions were then private-

* 'Constitutional History,' vol. i. p. 414.

ly put to the Judges, who seem on this as on other occasions of a similar nature, to have writhed under this sort of inquisitorial process, by which it was sought to commit them before they had the case before them, or had heard the other side.

In the Tower, for at least three months, Eliot was denied the use of books or pen and ink; but the public feeling in favour of the imprisoned members was becoming inconveniently strong. In the beginning of May the information in the Star Chamber had been filed, and on the 22nd of that month Eliot put in his plea and demurrer, and claimed to be heard by counsel.

'Besides certain technical objections, he answered broadly that the King could have no legal knowledge of what might have taken place in Parliament, until such should have been communicated by the House itself; and that it did not appear in the information that the matters charged had been so communicated to the King. That the matters charged were supposed to have been committed in Parliament, and were therefore only examinable in the House of Commons; and that he, Sir John Eliot, the defendant, might not, and ought not, to disclose what was spoken in Parliament, unless by consent of the House.'—vol. ii. p. 479.

An order was made in the Star Chamber that after arguments on the pleas and demurrer there, it should be referred to the judges in Westminster Hall to decide whether or not the defendants should be required to make any other answer; but this decision was long delayed. In the mean time Eliot remained in his prison, under conditions somewhat less rigorous than those at first imposed on him; and from the striking passage quoted from a letter to Richard Knightley, it is evident that he remained calm, undaunted, and resigned to all that God might think it fitting he should suffer. His care for his children, and his regard for his friends, are clearly brought out by his biographer, and we feel that in private and domestic life he was amiable and affectionate in the highest degree; but his determination was unshaken. 'There appears,' he writes, 'noe signe of alteration in our state, or an opening yet to libertie, *unlesse it be in such waies as I hope we shall not take.* But we know ther is that will effect it in due tyme.'—Vol. ii. p. 503.

A petition was presented to the King in favour of the prisoners from the whole county of Cornwall, but its only effect was to increase his exasperation against Eliot. A manuscript treatise by him, entitled 'De jure Majestatis,' still remaining at Port Eliot,

shows how he passed his time in prison. Mr. Forster says of it—'One derives from it a prodigious impression of the variety of Eliot's scholarship and knowledge, and of the happy power of finding relief therein from suffering and sorrow, as Raleigh in that very place had done in the earlier time.'—Vol. ii. p. 509.

At Michaelmas, probably from fear of pushing the power of the Star Chamber into direct conflict with the privilege of Parliament, it was resolved to proceed by information in the King's bench against Eliot, Holles, and Valentine.

It was understood that the Judges were prepared to maintain the jurisdiction of their courts over parliamentary offences, and it was also understood that they would refuse even intermediate bail, except on the condition of "good behaviour." Six out of the seven who were still in custody were brought up on Saturday, October the third; their conduct was admitted to be "temperate and without offence;" but they all absolutely refused to enter into the bond for their "good behaviour" which was required before they could be bailed. An information in the King's Bench was prepared and filed against Eliot, Holles, and Valentine, and on the night of the 29th of October they were brought privately from the Tower to the chambers of the Chief Justice, and were then committed to the Marshalsea—"to their country house in Southwark," as Eliot called it.

On the 26th of January, 1629-30, the three defendants appeared with their counsel in the Court of King's Bench. The Chief Justice began by informing the counsel that the Judges had made up their minds on the point that any offence committed contemptuously or criminally in Parliament remained punishable in another court. The defendants were remitted to custody, with a direction to plead further before a certain day of that term. It ended, of course, in the court overruling the plea to their jurisdiction, and sentencing the defendants to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure. Sir John Eliot was to be confined in the Tower of London, and the others elsewhere, and none of them was to be released until he had given security for his good behaviour, and made submission and acknowledgment of his offence. Eliot was in addition fined 2000 marks, Mr. Holles 1000, and Mr. Valentine 500*l*.

Before this sentence was pronounced the hero of this story had been confined to his bed by sickness, and had been unable to appear in court on the last day. He knew too well that the sentence now pronounced was

one of perpetual imprisonment unless a Parliament was summoned. He knew, moreover, that the last thing Charles would do, if he could help it, was to summon a Parliament. When that assembly did at last meet, eleven years afterwards, the arrears against the King had accumulated, and it did not separate so easily or so calmly even as the Parliament of 1629.

Sir John Eliot died on the 27th of November, in the year 1632, in the 43rd year of his age:

"But"—says, Mr. Forster, "revenges there are which death cannot satisfy, and natures that will not drop their hatreds at the grave. The son desired to carry his father's remains to Port Eliot, there to be with those of his ancestors; and the King was addressed once more. The youth drew up an humble petition that His Majesty would be pleased to permit the body of his father to be carried into Cornwall, to be buried there. Whereto was answered at the foot of the petition, '*Lett Sir John Eliot's body to be buried in the church of that parish where he died.*' And so he was buried in the Tower."—vol. ii. p. 727.

We have long thought that recent researches and disclosures with reference to the civil war and the character of Charles I. tended rather to his disadvantage than otherwise, but we have seen no fact which is more damaging than that brought to light in the

words just quoted. That he was vindictive to his opponents while they were alive we know; but there is a mean and bitter spite in the answer to the petition for Eliot's burial at St. German's which appears unworthy—we will not say of a king—but of a Christian gentleman.

Our readers must have felt how imperfectly an analysis of a book such as that before us can represent its real interest, or do justice to its merits. Mr. Forster, in his other works,* has thrown much light on the reign of Charles I., but it is impossible to estimate too highly this addition to his former labours. The public owe much to the Earl of St. German's for the liberality with which he has thrown open his family papers, but they owe him still more for the judgment which he has shown in his selection of the person to whom they have been intrusted. If we wish that the book was shorter it is not because its interest flags, but because we should desire that it might be more widely circulated. Its value as history is very great, and the picture which, as a biography, it gives of the character of Sir John Eliot is of the most striking kind.

* "Arrest of the Five Members by Charles the First. A Chapter of English History re-written." London, 1860. "The Debates on the Grand Remonstrance, Nov. and Dec. 1641. With an Introductory Essay on English Freedom, under Plantagenet and Tudor Sovereigns." Second edition, London, 1860.

I HAVE A COUNTRY.

"I have a country," cried a boy, starting up,
"My father is fighting for it, and my brother has
died for it."

I HAVE a country—who with coward tongue,
And treacherous heart has said it is not so?
I have a country, and her flag is flung,
Starry and bright, on all the winds which
blow.

I have a country! From the shores of Maine,
Stormy and bleak, to the Pacific sea;
The granite mountains and the fertile plains,
The mighty rivers, all belong to me;

To me alike, the sturdy northern pines
Which toss their branches in the winds for-
lorn,
The feathery palm-trees and the clustering vines,
The fields of cotton, and the fields of corn.

I have a country, glorious and great,
And in her sorrow even wondrous fair;
Though trait'rous hands have stabbed her in
their hate,
And foreign despots mock at her despair.

I have a country, for the brave have died
Upon a thousand fields to make her free;
The land is mine their blood has sanctified—
Mine, North and South, and mine from sea
to sea.

And 'neath her banner still the battles rage
And armies wrestle in the cannon's breath
For here is waged the conflict of the age,
Freedom and slavery grappling unto death.

God help my country in this hour of woe;
And save her, though baptized in fire and
blood;
With thy right arm hurl back the haughty foe,
Nor suffer evil to destroy the good.

Morning Star.

CHAPTER XXI. — THE QUARTER SESSIONS.

"Is it so nominated in the bond?" —

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MALGRE her disinclination, Rachel had reached the point of recovery in which the fresh air and change of scene of the drove to Avonchester could not fail to act as restoratives, and the first evening with the Dean and his gentle old sister was refreshing and comfortable to her spirits.

It was in the afternoon of the ensuing day that Mr. Grey came to tell her that her presence would soon be required, and both her mother and sister drove to the court with her. Poor Mrs. Curtis, too anxious to go away, yet too nervous to go into court, chose, in spite of all Mr. Grey's advice, to remain in the carriage with the blinds closed, far too miserable for Grace to leave her.

Rachel, though very white, called up a heroic smile, and declared that she should get on very well. Her spirit had risen to the occasion, as to brace her nerves to go becomingly through what was inevitable; and she replied with a ready "yes," to Mr. Grey's repetition of the advice for ever dinned into her ears, not to say a word more than needful, feeling indeed little disposed to utter anything that she could avoid.

She emerged from the dark passage into full view of faces which were far more familiar than she could have wished. She would have greatly preferred appearing before a judge, robed, wigged, and a stranger, to coming thus before a country gentleman, slightly known to herself, but an old friend of her father, and looking only like his ordinary self.

All the world indeed was curious to see the encounter between Rachel Curtis and her impostor, and every one who had contributed so much as a dozen stamps to the F. U. E. E. felt as if under a personal wrong and grievance, while many hoped to detect other elements of excitement, so that though all did not overtly stare at the witness, not even the most considerate could resist the impulse to glance at her reception of the bow with which he greeted her entrance.

She bent her head instinctively, but there was no change of colour on her cheek. Her faculties were concentrated, and her resolute will had closed all avenues to sensations that might impair her powers; she would not give way either to shame and remorse for herself, or to pity or indignation against the prisoner; she would attend only to the

accuracy of the testimony that was required of her as an expiation of her credulous incaution; but such was the tension of her nerves, that, impassive as she looked, she heard every cough, every rustle of paper; each voice that addressed her seemed to cut her ears like a knife; and the chair that was given to her after the administration of the oath was indeed much needed.

She was examined upon her arrangement that the prisoner should provide for the asylum at St. Norbert's, and on her monthly payment to him of the sums entered in the account-book. In some cases she knew he had shown her the bills unreceipted; in others, he had simply made the charge in the book, and she had given to him the amount that he estimated as requisite for the materials for wood engraving. So far she felt satisfied that she was making herself distinctly understood; but the prisoner, acting as his own counsel, now turned to her and asked the question she had expected and was prepared for, whether she could refer to any written agreement.

"No it was a *viâ voce* agreement."

Could she mention what passed at the time of making the arrangement that she had stated as existing between himself and her?

"I described my plans, and you consented."

An answer which some of the audience could have smiled, so well did it accord with her habits, the prisoner insisted on her defining the mode of his becoming bound to the agreement. Rachel took time for consideration; and Alison Williams, sitting between Lady Temple and Colonel Keith, felt dizzy with anxiety for the answer. It came at last.

"I do not remember the exact words; but you acquiesced in the appearance of your name as secretary and treasurer."

The prospectus was here brought forward, and Maulever asked her to define the duties he had been supposed to undertake in the character in which he had there figured. It of course came out that she had been her own treasurer, only entrusting the nominal one with the amount required for current expenses; and again, in reply to his deferential questions, she was obliged to acknowledge that he had never in so many words declared the sums entered in the book to have been actually paid, and not merely estimates for monthly expenditure to be paid to the tradesmen at the usual season.

"I understood that they were paid," said Rachel, with some resentment.

"Will you oblige me by mentioning on

what that understanding was founded?" said the prisoner, blandly.

There was a pause. Rachel knew she must say something; but memory utterly failed to recall any definite assurance that these debts had been discharged. Time passed, all eyes were upon her, there was a dire necessity of reply; and though perfectly conscious of the weakness and folly of her utterance, she could only falter forth, "I thought so." The being the clever woman of the family only rendered her the more sensible both of the utter futility of her answer, and of the effect it must be producing.

Alison hung her head, and frowned in absolute shame and despair, already perceiving how matters must go, and feeling as if the hope of her brother's vindication were slipping away—reft from her by Rachel's folly. Colin gave an indignant sigh, and whispering to her, "Come out when Lady Temple does, I will meet you," he made his way out of court.

There had been a moment's pause after Rachel's "I thought so," and then the chairman spoke to the counsel for the prosecution. "Mr. Murray, can you carry the case any farther by other witnesses. At present I see no case to go to the jury. You will see that the witness not only does not set up any case of embezzlement, but rather leads to an inference in the contrary direction."

"No, sir," was the answer; "I am afraid that I can add nothing to the case already presented to you."

Upon this the chairman said,

"Gentlemen of the Jury,—The case for the prosecution does not sustain the indictment or require me to call on the prisoner for his defence, and it is your duty to find him not guilty. You will observe that we are not trying a civil action, in respect of the large sum which he has received from the young lady, and for which he is accountable to her; nor by acquitting him are you pronouncing that he has not shown himself a man of very questionable honesty, but only that the evidence will not bring him within the grasp of the criminal law, as guilty of embezzlement under the statute, and this because of the looseness of the arrangements, that had been implied instead of expressed. It is exceedingly to be regretted that with the best intentions and kindest purposes, want of caution and experience on her part should have enabled the prisoner thus to secure himself from the possibility of a conviction; but there can be no doubt but that the evidence here before us is such as to

leave no alternative but a verdict of not guilty."

The very tenderness and consideration of the gray-haired Sir Edward Morden's tone were more crushing to Rachel than severe animadversions on her folly would have been from a stranger. Here was she, the clever woman of the family, shown in open court to have been so egregious a dupe that the deceiver could not even be punished, but must go scott-free, leaving all her wrongs undressed! To her excited, morbid apprehension magnified by past self-sufficiency, it was as though all eyes were looking in triumph at that object of general scorn and aversion, a woman who had stepped out of her place. She turned with a longing to rush into darkness and retirement when she was called to return to her mother; and even had she still been present, little would she have recked that when the jury had, without many moments' delay, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," the prisoner received a strong stern reprimand from Sir Edward, to whom he replied with a bow that had in it more of triumph than of acceptance.

Burning tears of disappointment were upon Alison's cheek, the old hopeless blank was returning, and her brother might come back in vain, to find his enemy beyond his reach. Here was an end alike of his restoration and of Ermine's happiness!

"Oh!" whispered Lady Temple, "is it not horrid? Is nothing to be done to that dreadful man? I always thought people came here to do justice. I shall never like Sir Edward Morden again! but oh! what can that be? Where is the Colonel?"

It was a loud frightful roar and yell of concentrated fury, that once heard, could never be forgotten. It was from the crowd outside, many of them from Avonmouth, and all frantic with indignation at the cruelty that had been perpetrated on the helpless children, their groans and execrations were pursuing the prison van, from which Maria Hatherton was at that moment making her exit; and so fearful was the outcry that penetrated the court, that Fanny trembled with recollections of Indian horrors, looked wistfully for her protector the Colonel, and murmured fears that her aunt must have been very much terrified.

At that moment however, a summons came for Lady Temple, as this was the case in which she was to bear witness. Alison followed, and was no sooner past the spectators, who gladly made way, than she found her arm drawn into Colonel Keith's. "Is he come?" she asked. "No," was rather

signed than spoken. "Oh, Colin!" she sighed, but still there was no reply, only she was dragged on down stairs and along dark passages, into a room furnished with a table, chairs, pens, ink, and paper, and lighted with gas, which revealed to her not only Mr. Grey, but one who, though eight years had made him stouter, redder, and rougher, had one of the most familiar faces of her youthful days. Her senses almost reeled with her as he held out his hand saying, heartily, "Well, Ailie, how are you? and how is Ermine? Where can this brother of yours be?"

"Harry! Mr. Beauchamp! You here!" she exclaimed, in the extremity of amazement.

"Here is Colin seeming to think that something may be done towards nailing this scoundrel for the present, so I am come at his call. We shall have the fellow in a moment." And then, by way of getting rid of embarrassment, he began talking to Mr. Grey about the County Hall, and the room, which Mr. Grey explained to be that of the clerk of the peace, lent for this occasion while the usual justice room was occupied. Alison heard all as in a dream, and presently Maulever entered, as usual spruce, artist-like, and self-possessed, and was accosted by Harry Beauchamp, "Good evening, Mr. Maddox, I am sorry to trouble you."

"I hope there is no misunderstanding, sir," was the reply. "I have not the pleasure of knowing for whom you take me."

Without regarding this reply, however, Mr. Beauchamp requested Mr. Grey to take his deposition, stating his own belief in the identity of the person before him with Robert Maddox, whom he charged with having delivered to him a letter falsely purporting to come from Edward Williams, demanding three hundred pounds, which upon this he had delivered to the accused, to be forwarded to the said Mr. Williams.

Alison's heart beat violently at the ordeal before her of speaking to the genuineness of the letter. She had seen and suspected that to her brother-in-law, but she could not guess whether the flaws in that to Mr. Beauchamp would be equally palpable, and doubt and anxiety made her scarcely able to look at it steadily. To her great relief, however, she was able to detect sufficient variations to justify her assertion that it was not authentic, and she was able to confirm her statement by comparison of the writing with that of a short, indignant denial of all knowledge of the transaction, which Harry Beauchamp had happily preserved, though

little regarding it at the time. She also showed the wrong direction, with the name of the place misspelt, according to her own copy of her sister-in-law's address, at the request of Maddox himself, and pointed out that a letter to Ermine from her brother bore the right form. The seal upon that to Mr. Beauchamp she likewise asserted to be the impression of one which her brother had lost more than a year before the date of the letter.

"Indeed, sir," said the accused, turning to Mr. Grey, "this is an exceedingly hard case. Here am I, newly acquitted, after nearly six week's imprisonment, on so frivolous a charge that it has been dismissed without my even having occasion to defend myself, or to call my own most respectable witnesses as to character, when another charge is brought forward against me in a name that there has been an unaccountable desire to impose on me. Even if I were the person that this gentleman supposes, there is nothing proved. He may very possibly have received a forged letter, but I perceive nothing to fix the charge upon the party he calls Maddox. Let me call in my own witnesses, who had volunteered to come down from Bristol, and you will be convinced how completely mistaken the gentleman is."

To this Mr. Grey replied that the case against him was not yet closed, and cautioning him to keep his own witnesses back; but he was urgent to be allowed to call them at once, as it was already late, and they were to go by the six o'clock train. Mr. Grey consented, and a messenger was sent in search of them. Mr. Beauchamp looked disturbed. "What say you to this, Colin?" he asked, uneasily. "That man's audacity is enough to stagger one, and I only saw him three times at the utmost."

"Never fear," said Colin, "delay is all in our favour."

He was gone, and with him went some hope and confidence, leaving all to feel awkward and distressed during the delay that ensued, the accused expatiating all the time on the unreasonableness of bringing up an offence committed so many years ago, in the absence of the only witness who could prove the whole story, insisting, moreover, on his entire ignorance of the names of either Maddox or Williams.

The sight of his witnesses was almost welcome. They were a dissenting minister, and a neat, portly, respectable widow, the owner of a fancy shop, and both knew Mr. Mauleverer as a popular lecturer upon philanthropical subjects, who came periodically

to Bristol, and made himself very acceptable. Their faith in him was genuine, and he had even interested them in the F. U. E. E. and the ladies that patronized it. The widow was tearfully indignant about the persecution that had been got up against him, and evidently intended to return with him in triumph, and endow him with the fancy shop if he would condescend so far. The minister, too, spoke highly of his gifts and graces, but neither of them could carry back their testimony to his character for more than three years.

Mr. Grey looked at his watch, Harry Beauchamp was restless, and Alison felt almost faint with suspense; but at last the tramp of feet was heard in the passage. Colonel Keith came first, and leaning over Alison's chair, said, "Lady Temple will wait for us at the inn. It will soon be all right."

At that moment a tall figure in mourning entered, attended by a policeman. For the first time, Mauleverer's coolness gave way, though not his readiness, and, turning to Mr. Grey, he exclaimed, "Sir you do not intend to be misled by the malignity of a person of this description."

"Worse than a murderess!" gasped the scandalized widow Dench. "Well I never!"

Mr. Grey was obliged to be peremptory, in order to obtain silence, and enforce that; let the new witness be what she might, her evidence must be heard.

She had come in with the habitual village curtsy to Mr. Beauchamp, and putting back her veil, disclosed to Alison the piteous sight of the well-remembered features, once so bright with intelligence and innocence, and now sunk and haggard with the worst sorrows of womanhood. Her large glittering eyes did not seem to recognize Alison, but they glared upon Mauleverer with a strange terrible fixedness, as if unable to see any one else. To Alison the sight was inexpressibly painful, and she shrank back, as it were, in dread of meeting the eyes once so responsive to her own.

Mr. Grey asked the woman the name of the person before her, and looking at him with the same fearful steadiness, she pronounced it to be Robert Maddox, though he had of late called himself Mauleverer.

The man quailed for a moment, then collecting himself, said, "I now understand the incredible ingratitude and malignity that have pointed out against me these hitherto unaccountable slanders. It is a punishment for insufficient inquiry into character. But you, sir, in common justice, will protect me from the aspersions of one who wishes to drag me down in her justly merited fall."

"Sentenced for three years! To take her examination!" muttered Mrs. Dench, and with some difficulty these exclamations were silenced, and Maria Hatherton called on for her evidence.

Concise, but terrible in its clear brevity, was the story of the agent tampering with her, the nursemaid, until she had given him access to the private rooms, where he had turned over the papers. On the following day, Mr. Williams had been inquiring for his seal-ring, but she herself had not seen it again till some months after, when she had left her place, and was living in lodgings provided for her by Maddox, when she had found the ring in the drawer of his desk; her suspicion had then been excited by his displeasure at her proposing to him to return it, and she had then observed him endeavouring to copy fragments of Mr. Williams's writing. These he had crushed up and thrown aside, but she had preserved them, owning that she did not know what might come of them, and the family had been very kind to her.

The seal and the scraps of paper were here produced by the policeman who had them in charge. The seal perfectly coincided with that which had closed the letter to Harry Beauchamp, and was, moreover, identified by both Alison and Colonel Keith. It was noticeable, too, that one of these fragments was the beginning of a note to Mr. Beauchamp, as "Dear H," and this, though not Edward's most usual style of addressing his friend, was repeated in the demand for the £300.

"Sir," said the accused, "of course I have no intention of intimating that a gentleman like the Honourable Colonel Keith has been in any collusion with this unhappy woman, but it must be obvious to you that his wish to exonerate his friend has induced him to give too easy credence to this person's malignant attempts to fasten upon one whom she might have had reason to regard as a benefactor the odium of the transactions that she acknowledges to have taken place between herself and this Maddox; thereto incited, no doubt, by some resemblance which must be strong, since it has likewise deceived Mr. Beauchamp.

Mr. Grey looked perplexed and vexed, and asked Mr. Beauchamp if he could suggest any other person able to identify Maddox. He frowned, said there must have been workmen at the factory, but knew not where they were, looked at Colin Keith, asked Alison if she or her sister had ever seen Maddox, then declared he could lay his hand on no one but Dr. Long at Belfast.

Mauleverer vehemently exclaimed against the injustice of detaining him till a witness could be summoned from that distance. Mr. Grey evidently had his doubts, and began to think of calling in some fresh opinion whether he had sufficient grounds for committal, and Alison's hopes were only sustained by Col. Keith's undaunted looks, when there came a knock to the door, and, as much to the surprise of Alison as of every one else, there entered an elderly maid-servant, leading a little girl by the hand, and Colonel Keith going to meet the latter, said, "Do not be frightened, my dear, you have only to answer a few questions as plainly and clearly as you can."

Awed, silent, and dazzled by the sudden gas-light, she clung to his hand, but evidently distinguished no one else; and he placed her close to the magistrate saying, "This is Mr. Grey, Rose, tell him your name."

And Mr. Grey taking her hand and repeating the question, the clear little silvery voice answered,

"I am Rose Ermine Williams." *

"And how old are you, my dear?"

"I was eight on the last of June."

"She knows the nature of an oath?" asked Mr. Grey of the Colonel,

"Certainly, you can soon satisfy yourself of that."

"My dear," then said Mr. Grey, taking her by the hand again, and looking into the brown intelligent eyes, "I am sure you have been well taught. Can you tell me what is meant by taking an oath before a magistrate?"

"Yes," said Rose, colour flushing into her face, "it is calling upon Almighty God to hear one speak the truth." She spoke so low that she could hardly be heard, and she looked full of startled fear and distress, turning her face up to Colonel Keith with a terrified exclamation, "Oh please, why am I here, what am I to say?"

He was sorry for her; But her manifest want of preparation was all in favour of the cause, and he soothed her by saying, "Only answer just what you are asked as clearly as you can, and Mr. Grey will soon let you go. He knows you would try any way to speak the truth, but as he is going to examine you as a magistrate, he must ask you to take the oath first."

Rose repeated the oath in her innocent tones, and perhaps their solemnity or the fatherly gentleness of Mr. Grey re-assured her, for her voice trembled much less when she answered his next inquiry, who her parents were.

"My mother is dead," she said; "my father

is Mr. Williams; he is away at Ekaterinburg.

"Do you remember any time before he was at Ekaterinburg?"

"Oh yes; when we lived at Kensington, and he had the patent glass works."

"Now, turn round and say if there is any one here whom you know?"

Rose, who had hitherto stood facing Mr. Grey, with her back to the rest of the room, obeyed, and at once exclaimed, "Aunt Alison," then suddenly recoiled, and grasped at the Colonel.

"What is it, my dear?"

"It is—it is Mr. Maddox;" and with another grasp of fright, "and Maria! Oh, let me go."

But Mr. Grey put his arm round her, and assured her that no one could harm her, Colonel Keith let his fingers be very hard pinched, and her aunt came nearer, all telling her that she had only to make her answers distinctly; and though still shrinking, she could reply to Mr. Grey's question whom she meant by Mr. Maddox.

"The agent for the glass—my father's agent."

"And who is Maria?"

"She was my nurse."

"When did you last see the person you call Mr. Maddox?"

"Last time, I was sure of it, was when I was walking on the esplanade at Avonchester with Colonel Keith," said Rose, very anxious to turn aside and render her words inaudible.

"I suppose you can hardly tell when that was?"

"Yes, it was the day before you went away to Lord Keith's wedding," said Rose, looking to the Colonel.

"Had you seen him before?"

"Twice when I was out by myself but it frightened me so that I never looked again."

"Can you give me any guide to the time?"

She was clear that it had been after Colonel Keith's first stay at Avonmouth, but that was all; and being asked if she had ever mentioned these meetings, "Only when Colonel Keith saw how frightened I was, and asked me."

"Why were you frightened?" asked Mr. Grey, on a hint from the Colonel.

Because I could not quite leave off believing the dreadful things Mr. Maddox and Maria said they would do to me if I told."

"Told what?"

"About Mr. Maddox coming and walking with Maria when she was out with me," gasped Rose, trying to avert her head, and not comforted by hearing Mr. Grey repeat

her words to these tormentors of her infancy.

A little encouragement, however, brought out the story of the phosphoric letters, the lions, and the vision of Maddox growling in the dressing-room. The date of the apparition could hardly be hoped for, but fortunately Rose remembered that it was two days before her mamma's birth-day; because she had felt it so hard to be eaten up before the fête, and this date tallied with that given by Maria of her admitting her treacherous admirer into the private rooms.

"The young lady may be very precocious. no doubt, sir," here said the accused, "but I hardly see why she has been brought here. You can attach no weight to the confused recollections of so young a child, of matters that took place so long ago."

"The question will be what weight the jury will attach to them at the assizes," said Mr. Grey.

"You will permit me to make one inquiry of the young lady, sir. Who told her whom she might expect to see here?"

Mr. Grey repeated the query, and Rose answered, "Nobody; I knew my aunt and the Colonel and Lady Temple were gone in to Avonchester, and Aunt Ermine got a note from the Colonel to say I was to come in to him with Tibbie in a fly."

"Did you know what you were wanted for?"

"No, I could not think. I only knew they came to get the woman punished for being so cruel to the poor little girls."

"Do you know who that person was?"

"Mrs. Rawlins," was the ready answer.

"I think," said Mr. Grey to the accused, "that you must perceive that, with such coincidence of testimony as I have here, I have no alternative but to commit you for the summer assizes."

Mauleverer murmured something about an action for false imprisonment, but he did not make it clear, and he was evidently greatly crestfallen. He had no doubt hoped to brazen out his assumed character sufficiently to disconcert Mr. Beauchamp's faith in his own memory, and though he had carried on the same game after being confounded with Maria, it was already becoming desperate. He had not reckoned upon her deserting his cause even for her own sake, and the last chance of employing her antecedents to discredit her testimony, had been overthrown by Rose's innocent witness to their mutual relations, a remembrance which had been burnt in on her childish memory by the very means taken to secure her silence. When the depositions were read over, their

remarkable and independent accordance was most striking; Mrs. Dench had already been led away by the minister, in time to catch her train, just when her sobs of indignation at the deception were growing too demonstrative, and the policeman resumed the charge of Maria Hatherton.

Little Rose looked up to her, saying, "Please, Aunt Ailie, may I speak to her?"

Alison had been sitting restless and perplexed between impulses of pity and repulsion, and doubts about the etiquette of the justice room; but her heart yearned over the girl she had cherished, and she sighed permission to Rose, whose timidity had given way amid excitement and encouragement.

"Please, Maria," she said, "don't be angry with me for telling; I never did till Colonel Keith asked me, and I could not help it. Will you kiss me and forgive me as you used?"

The hard fierce eyes, that had not wept over the child's coffin, filled with tears.

"Oh, Miss Rose, Miss Rose, do not come near me. Oh, if I had minded you — and your aunts" — And the pent-up misery of the life that had fallen lower and lower since the first step in evil, found its course in a convulsive sob and shriek, so grievous that Alison was thankful for Colin's promptitude in laying hold of Rose, and leading her out of the room before him. Alison felt obliged to follow, yet could not bear to leave Maria to policemen and prison warders.

"Maria, poor Maria, I am so sorry for you; I will try to come and see you" —

But her hand was seized with an imperative, "Ailie, you must come, they are all waiting for you."

How little had she thought her arm would ever be drawn into that arm, so unheeded by both.

"So that is Edward's little girl! Why she is the sweetest little clear-headed thing I have seen a long time. She was the saving of us."

"It was well thought of by Colin."

"Colin is a lawyer spoilt — that's a fact. A first-rate get up of a case!"

"And you think it safe now."

"Nothing safer, so Edward turns up. How he can keep away from such a child as that, I can't imagine. Where is she? Oh here" — as they came into the porch in fuller light, where the Colonel and Rose waited for them. "Ha, my little Ailie, I must make better friends with you."

"My name is Rose, not Ailie," replied the little girl.

"Oh aye! Well it ought to have been,

what d'ye call her — that was a Daniel come to judgment?"

"Portia," returned Rose; "but I don't think that is pretty at all."

"And where is Lady Temple?" anxiously asked Alison. "She must be grieved to be detained so long."

"Oh! Lady Temple is well provided for," said the Colonel; "all the magistrates and half the bar are at her feet. They say the grace and simplicity of her manner of giving her evidence were the greatest contrast to poor Rachel's."

"But where is she?" still persisted Alison.

"At the hotel; Maria's was the last case of the day, and she went away directly after it, with such a choice of escorts that I only just spoke to her."

And at the hotel they found the waggonette at the gateway, and Lady Temple in the parlour with Sir Edward Morden, who, late as it was, would not leave her till he had seen her with the rest of the party. She sprang up to meet them, and was much relieved to hear that Mauleverer was again secured. "Otherwise," she said, it would have been all my fault for having acted without asking advice. I hope I shall never do so again."

She insisted that all should go home together in the waggonette, and Rose found herself upon Mr. Beauchamp's knee, serving as usual as a safety valve for the feelings of her aunt's admirers. There was no inconstancy on her part, she would much have preferred falling to the lot of her own Colonel, but the open carriage drive was rather a risk for him in the night air; and though he had undertaken it in the excitement, he soon found it requisite to muffle himself up, and speak as little as possible. Harry Beauchamp talked enough for both. He was in high spirits, partly, as Colin suspected, with the escape from a dull formal home, and partly with the undoing of a wrong that had rankled in his conscience more than he had allowed to himself. Lady Temple, her heart light at the convalescence of her sons, was pleased with everything, liked him extremely, and answered gaily; and Alison enjoyed the resumption of pleasant habits of days gone by. Yet, delightful as it all was, there was a sense of disenchantment: she was marvelling all the time how she could have suffered so much on Harry Beauchamp's account. The rejection of him had weighed like a stone upon her heart, but now it seemed like freedom to have escaped his companionship for a lifetime.

Presently a horse's feet were heard on

the road before them; there was a meeting, and a halt, and Alick Keith's voice called out — "How has it gone?"

"Why, were you not in court?"

"What! I go to hear my friends baited?"

"Where were you then?"

"At Avonmouth."

"Oh, then you have seen the boys," cried Lady Temple. "How is Conrade?"

"Quite himself. Up to a prodigious amount of indoor croquet. But how has it gone?"

"Such a shame!" returned Lady Temple. "They acquitted the dreadful man, and the poor woman, whom he drove to it, has a year's imprisonment and hard labour!"

"Acquitted! What, is he off?"

"Oh, no, no! he is safe, and waiting for the Assizes; all owing to the Colonel and little Rose."

"He is committed for the former offence," said Colonel Keith; "The important one."

"That's right! Good night! And how," he added, reining back his horse, "did your cousin get through it?"

"Oh, they were so hard on her!" cried Lady Temple. "I could hardly bring myself to speak to Sir Edward after it! It was as if he thought it all her fault!"

"Her evidence broke down completely," said Colonel Keith, "Sir Edward spared her as much as he could; but the absurdity of her whole conduct was palpable. I hope she has had a lesson."

Alick's impatient horse flew on with him, and Colin muttered to Alison under his mufflers, — "I never could make out whether that is the coolest or the most sensitive fellow living!"

CHAPTER XXII. — THE AFTER CLAP.

"I have read in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan,
Besieger the human soul.

"Encamped beside life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night."

The Beleaguered City, LONGFELLOW.

A DINNER party at the Deanery in the sessions' week was an institution, but Rachel, lying on the sofa in a cool room, had thought herself entirely exempt from it, and was conscious for the time of but one wish, namely, to be let alone, and to be able to shut her eyes, without finding the lids, as it were, lined with tiers of gazing faces, and curious looks turned on her, and her ears from the echo of the roar of fury that had dreadfully terrified both her and her mother,

and she felt herself to have merited! The crush of public censure was not at the moment so overwhelming as the strange morbid effect of having been the focus of those many, many glances, and if she reflected at all, it was with a weary speculating wonder whether one pair of heavy dark grey eyes had been among those revelled at her. She thought that if they had, she could not have missed either their ironical sting, or perchance some kindly gleam of sympathy, such as had sometimes surprised her from under the flaxen lashes.

There she had lain, unmolested and conscious of a certain relief in the exceeding calm; the grey pinnacle of the cathedral, and a few branches of an elm tree alone meeting her eye through the open window, and the sole sound the cawing of the rooks, whose sailing flight amused and attracted her glance from time to time with dreamy interest. Grace had gone into court to hear Maria Hatherton's trial, and all was still.

The first break was when her mother and Miss Wellwood came in, after having wandered gently together round the warm-walled Deanery garden, comparing notes about their myrtles and geraniums. Then it was that amid all their tender inquiries after her headache, and their administration of afternoon tea, it first broke upon Rachel that they expected her to go down to dinner.

"Pray excuse me," she said imploringly, looking to her mother for support; "indeed, I don't know that I could sit out a dinner! A number of people together make me so dizzy and confused."

"Poor child!" said Miss Wellwood, kindly, but looking to Mrs. Curtis in her turn. "Perhaps, as she has been so ill, the evening might be enough."

"Oh," exclaimed Rachel, "I hope to be in bed before you have finished dinner. Indeed I am not good company for any one."

"Don't say that, my dear;" and Miss Wellwood looked puzzled.

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Curtis, evidently distressed, "I think the exertion would be good for you, if you could only think so."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Wellwood, catching at the notion; "It is your mind that needs the distraction, my dear."

"I am distracted enough already," poor Rachel said, putting her hand up. "Indeed, I do not want to be disobliging," she said, interpreting her mother's anxious gestures to mean that she was wanting in civility; "It is very kind in you, Miss Wellwood, but this has been a very trying day, and I am

sure I can give no pleasure to anybody, so if I might only be let off."

"It is not so much" — began Miss Wellwood, getting into a puzzle, and starting afresh. "Indeed, my dear, my brother and I could not bear that you should do anything you do not like, only you see it would never do for you to seem to want to shut yourself up."

"I should think all the world must feel as if I ought to be shut up for life," said Rachel, dejectedly.

"Ah! but that is the very thing. If you do not show yourself it will make such a talk."

Rachel had nearly said, "Let them talk;" but though she felt tormented to death, habitual respect to these two gentle nervous elderly women made her try to be courteous, and she said, "Indeed, I cannot much care, provided I don't hear them."

"Ah! but you don't know, my dear," said Mrs. Curtis, seeing her friend look dismayed at this indifference. "Indeed, dear Miss Wellwood, she does not know; we thought it would be so awkward for her in court."

"Know what?" exclaimed Rachel, sitting upright, and putting down her feet. "What have you been keeping from me?"

"Only — only, my dear, people will say such things, and nobody could think it that knew you."

"What?" demanded Rachel.

"Yes," said Mrs. Curtis, perhaps, since her daughter was to have the shock, rather glad to have a witness to the surprise it caused her; "you know people will gossip, and some one has put it about that — that this horrid man was —"

Mrs. Curtis paused, Miss Wellwood was as pink as her capstrings. Rachel grasped the meaning at last. "Oh!" she said, with less reticence than her elders, "there must needs be a spice of flirtation to give piquancy to the mess of gossip! I don't wonder, there are plenty of people who judge others by themselves, and think that motive must underlie everything! I wonder who imagines that I am fallen so low?"

"There, I knew she would take it in that way," said Mrs. Curtis. "And so you understand us, my dear, we could not ask you to do anything so distressing except for your own sake."

"I am far past caring for my own sake," said Rachel, "but for yours and Grace's, mother, I will give as much ocular demonstration as I can, that I am not pining for this hero with a Norman name. I own I should have thought none of the Dean's friends would have needed to be convinced."

"Oh, no! no! but"—Miss Wellwood made a great confusion of noes, buts, and my dears, and Mrs. Curtis came to the rescue. "After all, my love, one can't so much wonder! You have always been very peculiar, you know, and so clever, and you took up this so eagerly. And then before the Greys you were so unwilling to prosecute. And—and I have always allowed you too much liberty—ever since your poor dear papa was taken—and now it has come upon you, my poor child! Oh, I hope dear Fanny will take warning by me," and off went poor Mrs. Curtis into a fit of sobs.

"Mother—mother! this is worse than anything," exclaimed Rachel in an agony, springing to her feet, and flying after salvolatile, but feeling frightfully helpless without Grace, the manager of all Mrs. Curtis's ailments and troubles. Grace would have let her quietly cry it out. Rachel's remedies and incoherent protestations of all being her own fault only made things worse, and perhaps those ten minutes were the most overwhelming of all the griefs that Rachel had brought on herself. However, what with Miss Wellwood's soothing, and her own sense of the becoming, Mrs. Curtis struggled herself into composure again by the time the maid came to dress them for dinner; Rachel all the while longing for Grace's return, not so much for the sake of hearing the verdict, as of knowing whether the mother ought to be allowed to go down to dinner, so shaken did she look; for indeed, besides her distresses for her daughters, no small ingredient in her agitation was this recurrence to a stated custom of her husband's magisterial days.

Persuasion was unavailing. At any cost the Curtis family must present an unassailable front to the public eye, and if Mrs. Curtis had forced forward her much tried and suffering daughter, far more would she persist in devoting herself to gaiety and indifference, but her nervousness was exceeding, and betrayed itself in a continual wearying for Grace, without whom neither her own dress nor Rachel's could be arranged to her satisfaction, and she was absolutely incapable of not worrying Rachel about every fold, every plait, every bow in a manner that from any one else would have been unbearable; but those tears had frightened Rachel into a penitent submission that endured with an absolute semblance of cheerfulness each of these torments. The languor and exhaustion had been driven away, and feverish excitement had set in, not so much from the spirit of defiance that the two elder ladies had expected to excite, as from the having been goaded into a reckless determination

to sustain her part. No matter for the rest.

It often happened in these parties that the ladies would come in from the country in reasonable time, while their lords would be detained much later in court; so when the cathedral clock had given notice of the half-hour, Mrs. Curtis began to pick up fan and handkerchief, and prepare to descend. Rachel suggested that there would be no occasion so to do till Grace's return, since it was plain that no one could yet be released.

"Yes, my dear, but perhaps—don't you think it might be remarked as if you chose to keep out of sight?"

"Oh, very well."

Rachel followed her mother down, sustained by one hope, that Captain Keith would be there. No; the Deanery did not greatly patronize the barracks; there was not much chance of any gentleman under forty, except, perhaps, in the evening. And at present the Dean himself and one canon were the entire gentleman element among some dozen ladies. Everybody knew that the cause of delay was the trial of the cruel matron, and added to the account of Rachel's iniquities their famished and weary state of expectation, the good Dean gyrating among the groups, trying to make conversation, which every one felt too fretful and too hungry to sustain with spirit. Rachel sat it out, trying to talk whenever she saw her mother's anxious eyes upon her, but failing in finding any thing to say, and much doubting whether her neighbors liked talking to her.

At last gentlemen began to appear in twos and threes, and each made some confidence to the womankind that first absorbed them, but no one came in Rachel's way, and the girl beside her became too unfeignedly curious to support even the semblance of conversation, but listened for scraps of intelligence. Something was flying about respecting "a gentleman who came down by the train," and something about "Lady Temple" and "admirable," and the young lady seized the first opportunity of deserting Rachel, and plunging into the *mêlée*. Rachel sat on, sick with suspense, feeling utterly unable to quit her seat. Still they waited, the whole of the party were not arrived, and here was the curfew ringing, and that at the Deanery, which always felt injured if it were seven o'clock before people were in the dining-room. Grace must be up stairs dressing, but to reach her was impossible.

At last Mr. Grey was announced, and he had mercy upon Rachel; he came up to her as soon as he could without making her re-

markable and told her the cause of his delay had been the necessity of committing Mauleverer upon an accusation by a relation of Colonel Keith, of very extensive frauds upon Miss Williams' brother. Rachel's illness and the caution of the Williamses had prevented her from being aware of the complication of their affairs with her own, and she became paler and paler as she listened to the partial explanation, though she was hardly able as yet to understand it. "The woman?" she asked.

"Sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labor; and let me tell you, Rachel, you had a most narrow escape there! If that army doctor had not come in time to see the child alive, they could not have chosen but have an inquest, and no mortal can tell what might have been the decision about your homœopathy. You might have been looking forward to a worse business than this at the next assizes."

Mr. Grey had done his work at last! The long waiting, the weary constraint, and at last the recurrence to Loveday's sufferings and her own share in them, entirely overcame her. Mists danced before her eyes, and the very sensation that had been so studiously avoided was produced by her fainting helplessly away in her chair, while Mr. Grey was talking to her.

To be sure it brought deliverance from the multitude, and she awoke in the quiet of her room, upon her bed, in the midst of the despairing compunction of the mother, and the tender cares of Grace, but she was too utterly overdone for even this to be much relief to her; and downstairs poor Miss Wellwood's one desire was to hinder the spread of the report that her swoon had been caused by the tidings of Mauleverer's apprehension. It seemed as if nothing else had been wanting to make the humiliation and exposure complete. Rachel had despised fainting ladies, and had really hitherto been so superabundant in strength that she had no experience of the symptoms, or she might have escaped in time. But there she lay publicly censured before the dignitaries of her country for moral folly, and entirely conquered before the rest of the world by the physical weakness she had most contemned.

Then the mother was so terrified and distressed that all sorts of comforting reassurances were required, and the chief object soon became to persuade her to go downstairs and leave Rachel to her bed. And at last the thought of civility and of the many Mrs. Grundys prevailed, and sent her downstairs but there was little more comfort for Rachel even in being left to herself—that

for which she had a few minutes before most ardently longed.

That night was perhaps the most painful one of her whole life. The earnest desire to keep her mother from uneasiness, and the longing to be unmolested, made her play her part well when the mother and Grace came up to see her before going to bed, and they thought she would sleep off her over-fatigue and excitement, and yielded to her desire that they should bid her good night, and leave her to rest.

But what sort of rest was it? Sometimes even her own personal identity was gone, and she would live over again in the poor children, the starving and the beating, or she would become Mrs. Rawlins, and hear herself sentenced for the savage cruelty, or she would actually stand in court under sentence for manslaughter. Her pulses throbbed up to fever pitch, head and cheeks burnt, the very power to lie still was gone, and whether she commanded her thoughts or lapsed into the land of dreams, they worked her equal woe.

Now it was the world of gazing faces, feverishly magnified, multiplied, and pressing closer and closer on her, till she could have screamed to dispel them; now it was her mother weeping over the reports to which she had given occasion, and accusing herself of her daughter's errors; and now it was Loveday Kelland's mortal agony; now the mob thirsting for vengeance, were shouting for justice on her as the child's murderer, and she was shrieking to Alick Keith to leave her to her fate, and only save her mother.

It would hardly be too much to say that the positive wretchedness of actually witnessing the child's death was doubled in these its imaginary repetitions on that still more suffering night of waking dreams, when every solemn note of the cathedral clock, every resolute proclamation from its fellow in the town hall, every sharp reply from the domestic timepiece in the Deanery fell on her ears, generally recalling her at least to full consciousness of her identity and whereabouts, and dispelling the delusion.

But, then, what comfort was there? Veritably she had caused suffering and death; she had led to the peril of Fanny's children; she had covered her mother with shame and grief! Nay, in her exaggerated tone of feeling, she imagined that distress and poverty might have been entailed on that beloved mother. Those title deeds—no intelligence. Captain Keith had taken no notice. Perhaps he heard and

believed those degrading reports! He had soul enough to pity and sympathize with the failure of extended views of beneficence; he despised the hypocrisy that had made charity a cloak for a credulous debasing attachment, and to such an object! He might well avoid her! His sister had always bantered her on what had seemed to absurd to be rebutted, and, at any rate, this fainting fit would clench his belief. No doubt he believed it. And if he did, why should not every one else whose opinions she cared for: Ermine, her Colonel, even gentle Fanny—no, she would never believe any harm; she had suffered too much in her cause.

Oh, for simple genuine charity like Fanny's, with eyes clear with innocence and humility! And now what was before her? Should she ever be allowed to hide her head, or should she be forced again to brave that many-eyed world? Perhaps the title-deed business would prove utter ruin. It would have been acceptable to herself, but her mother and sister!

Chastisement! Yes, it was just chastisement for headstrong folly and conceit. She had heard of bending to the rod and finding it a cross, but here came the dreadful confusion of unreality, and of the broken habit of religious meditation except as matter of debate. She did not know till her time of need how deeply sneers had eaten into her heart. The only text that would come to her mind was, "And in that day they shall roar against them like the roaring of the sea; and if one look unto the land, behold darkness and sorrow, and the light is darkened in the heavens thereof." Every effort at prayer for at calm recall of old thoughts still ended in that desolate verse. The first relief of these miserable dreams was the cool clear morning light, and by and by the early cathedral bells, then Grace's kind greeting made her quite herself; no longer feverish, but full of lassitude and depression. She would not listen to Grace's entreaties that she would remain in bed. "No place was so hateful to her," she said, and she came down apparently not more unwell than had been the case for many days past, so that after breakfast her mother saw no reason against leaving her on the sofa, while going out to perform some commissions in the town, attended, of course, by Grace. Miss Wellwood promised that she should not be disturbed, and she found that she must have been asleep, for she was taken by surprise by the opening of the door, and the apologetic face of the butler,

who told her that a gentleman had asked if she would see him, and presented the card of "Captain Alexander Keith."

Eagerly she desired that he should be admitted, tremulously she awaited his sentence upon her mother's peace; and, as she thought of all he must have heard, all he must believe, she felt as if she must flee; or, if that were impossible, cower in shrinking dread of the glance of his satirical eye!

Here he was, and she could not look or speak, nor did he; she only felt that his clasp of greeting was kind, was anxious, and he put forward the easy-chair, into which she sank, unable to stand. He said, "I saw your mother and sister going into the town. I thought you would like to hear of this business at once."

"Oh yes, thank you."

"I could not see the man till the day before yesterday," he said, "and I could get nothing satisfactory from him. He said he had taken the papers to a legal friend, but was not authorized to give his name. Perhaps his views may be changed by his present condition. I will try him again if you like."

"Thank you, thank you! Do you think this is true?"

"He is too cunning a scoundrel to tell unnecessary lies, and very likely he may have disposed of them to some Jew attorney but I think nothing is to be feared but some annoyance."

"And annoyance to my mother is the one thing I most fear," sighed Rachel, helplessly.

"There might be a mode of much lessening it to her," said he.

"Oh, what? Tell me, and I would do it at any cost."

"Will you?" and he came nearer. "At the cost of yourself?"

She thrilled all over, and convulsively grasped the arm of her chair.

"Would not a son be the best person to shield her from annoyance," he added, trying for his usual tone; but failing, he exclaimed, "Rachel, Rachel let me!"

She put her hands over her face, and cried, "Oh! oh! I never thought of this."

"No," he said, "and I know what you do think of it, but indeed you need not be wasted. Our women and children want so much done for them, and none of our ladies are able or willing. Will you not come and help me?"

"Don't talk to me of helping! I do nothing but spoil and ruin."

"Not now! That is all gone and past. Come and begin afresh."

"No, no, I am too disagreeable."

"May not I judge for myself?" he said, drawing nearer, and his voice falling into tremulous tenderness.

"Headstrong—overbearing."

"Try," and his smile overbore her.

"Oh no, no, nobody can bear me! This is more than you—you ought to do—than any one should," she faltered, not knowing what she said.

"Than any one to whom you were not most dear!" was the answer, and he was now standing over her, with the dew upon his eyelashes.

"Oh, that can't be. Bessie said you always took up whatever other people hated, and I know it is only that!"

"Don't let Bessie's sayings come between us now, Rachel. This goes too deep," and he had almost taken her hand, when with a start she drew it back, saying, "But you know what they say!"

"Have they been stupid enough to tell you?" he exclaimed. "Confute them then, Rachel—dolt that can't believe in self-devotion! Laugh at their beards. This is the way to put an end to it!"

"Oh no, they would only detest you for my sake. I can't," she said again, bowed down with shame and dejection.

"I'll take care of that!" he said with the dry tone that perhaps was above all reassurance, and conquered her far enough to enable him to take possession of the thin and still listless hand.

"Then," he said, "you will let me take this whole matter in hand; and if the worst comes to the worst, we will make up to the charity out of the Indian money, without vexing the mother."

"I can't let you suffer for my miserable folly."

"Too late to say that!" he answered; and as her eyes were raised to him in startled inquiry, he said gravely, "These last weeks have shown me that your troubles must be mine."

A hand was on the door, and Rachel fled, in time to screen her flight from Miss Wellwood, whom Alick met with his usual undisturbed front, and inquiries for Mrs. Curtis.

That good lady was in the town more worried than flattered by the numerous inquiries after Rachel's health, and conscious of having gone rather near the wind in making the best of it. She had begun to dread being accosted by any acquaintance, and Captain Keith, sauntering near the archway of the close, was no welcome spectacle. She would have passed him with a

curt salutation, but he grasped her hand, saying, "May I have a few words with you?"

"Not Fanny—not the children!" cried Mrs. Curtis in dismay.

"No indeed. Only myself," and a gleam of intelligence under his eyelashes and judicious pressure of his hand conveyed volumes to Grace, who had seen him often during Rachel's illness, and was not unprepared. She observed that she would see how her sister was, substituted Captain Keith's arm for her own as her mother's support, and hurried away, to encounter Miss Wellwood's regrets that, in spite of all her precautions, dear Rachel had been disturbed by "a young officer, I believe. We see him often at the cathedral, and somebody said it was his sister whom Lord Keith married."

"Yes, we know him well, and he is a Victoria Cross man," said Grace, beginning to assume his reflected glory.

"So some one said, but the Dean never calls on the officers unless there is some introduction, or there would be no end to it. It was a mistake letting him in to disturb Rachel. Is your mother gone up to her, my dear?"

"No, I think she is in the cathedral yard. I just come in to see about Rachel," said Grace, escaping.

Miss Wellwood intended going out to join her old friend; but, on going, to put on her bonnet, she saw from the window Mrs. Curtis, leaning on the intruder's arm, conversing so confidentially that the Dean's sister flushed with amazement, and she hoped she had mentioned him with due respect. And under that southern cathedral wall good Mrs. Curtis took the longest walk she had indulged in for the last twenty years; so that Grace, and even Rachel, beholding from the window, began to fear that the mother would be walked to death.

But then she had that supporting arm, and the moral support, that was infinitely more! That daughter, the spoilt pet of her husband, the subject of her pride, even when an enigma and an anxiety, whom she had lately been forced to think of as

"A maid whom there were few to praise
And very few to love,"

she now found loved by one at least, and praised in terms that thrilled through and through the mother's heart in their truth and simplicity, for that sincerity, generosity, and unselfishness. It was her own daughter, her real Rachel, no illusion, that she had described in those grave earnest

words; only while the whole world saw the errors and exaggerated them, here was one who sunk them all in the sterling worth that so few would recognize. The dear old lady forgot all her prudence, and would hardly let him speak of his means; but she soon saw that Rachel's present portion would be more than met on his side, and that no one could find fault with her on the score of inequality of fortune. He would have been quite able to retire, and live at ease; but this he said at once and with decision he did not intend. His regiment was his hereditary home, and his father had expressed such strong wishes that he should not lightly desert his profession, that he felt bound to it by filial duty as well as by other motives. Moreover, he thought the change of life and occupation would be the best thing for Rachel, and Mrs. Curtis could not but acquiesce, little as she had ever dreamt that a daughter of hers would marry into a marching regiment! Her surrender of judgment was curiously complete. "Dear Alexander," as thenceforth she called him, had assumed the mastery over her from the first turn they took under the cathedral; and when at length he reminded her the clock was on the stroke of one, she accepted it on his infallible judgment, for her own sensations would have made her believe it not a quarter of an hour since the interview had begun.

Not a word had been granted on either side to the conventional vows of secrecy, always made to be broken, and perhaps each tacitly felt that the less secrecy the better for Rachel. Certain it is that Mrs.

Curtis went into the Deanery with her head considerably higher, kissed Rachel vehemently, and, assuring her she knew all about it, and was happier than she had ever thought to be again, excused her from appearing at luncheon, and hurried down thereto, without giving any attention to a feeble entreaty that she would not go so fast. And when at three o'clock Rachel crept down stairs to get into the carriage for her return home, the good old Dean lay in wait for her, told her she must allow him an old friend's privilege, kissed her, congratulated her, and said he should beg to perform the ceremony.

"Oh, Mr. Dean, it is nothing like that."

He laughed, and handed her in.

"Mother, mother, how could you?" sighed Rachel, as they drove on.

"My dear, they were so kind, they could not help knowing!"

"But it can't be,"

"Rachel, my child, you like him!"

"He does not know half about me yet. Mother, don't tell Fanny or any one till 'I have seen him again.'"

And the voice was so imperious with the wayward vehemence on illness that Mrs. Curtis durst not gainsay it. She did not know how Alick Keith was already silencing those who asked if he had heard of the great event at the Dean's party. Still less did she guess at the letters at that moment in writing:—

"MY DEAR BESSIE,—Wish me joy. I have gone in for the uncroquetable lawn, and won it.—Your affectionate brother,

"A. C. KEITH."

THE WORD "KNIGHT."—Can any one tell me the origin of our term *Knight*?—The Latin equivalent simply meant *horseman*, and the German synonyme is *ritter*, a rider or horseman. So also the French *chevalier*, and the corresponding word in Spanish, Italian, &c., showing that the term had one signification originally in all languages save our own—viz., a horseman or possessor of a horse for military purposes. But our term *knight* is so totally different from all the other corresponding appellations, that it suggests the idea of a difference of meaning in our own language (in its original application), to that which it had with other nations.—*QUERIST*. [The name of knight, as an honorary title in England, is Anglo-Saxon, *cnyht*, signifying puer, servus, or an attendant. Took derives it from *cnyht*; the past participle of *cnyht-an*, to knit, *nectere*, *alligere*, *attacher*, and thus signifying *un attaché*: one attached, connected with, bound to. Verstegan observes:

"This title of right worshipful dignity was heretofore by our ancestors written *cniht*, and both in the high and low German by the name of *knight* (which a little they vary in the orthography), is understood a *servant*. It may seem strange (he adds) how our name or knight being with us of such esteem of worship should in the etymology thereof appear no more than it doth. To resolve with difficulty I can judge no other, having no proof or pregnant reason otherwise to enduce me, but that the name of knight must have begun to be a name of honor among our ancestors, in such as were admitted for their merits to be *knights to the king*, that is, to be his owne servants, or in some sort his officers or retainers, and to ride with him."—*On Decayed Intelligence*, ch. x. In our instance we still continue to use the meaning of the German *Knecht*, in the knight of a shire, who serves in parliament for a particular county.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From All the Year Round
IN THE RING.

It was a most difficult position. An invasion *vi et armis*, by six charming English girls, upon the house of an elderly Scotch doctor, of small practice, slowly diminishing, in an out-of-the-way uninteresting town, whose few inhabitants live upon anything and do nothing. Yet, such was my fortune, I, Adam Black, commonly called Uncle Adam, probably for the excellent reason of my being uncle to nobody, and therefore to everybody, including these charming girls who had now made a raid upon me. So happy, laughing, loving, were they; full of admiration of all they saw — Uncle Adam's house and garden, Uncle Adam's pony-chaise, and, they were pleased to say, Uncle Adam's agreeable society, that I should have been more than man if my heart had not speedily found itself riddled through and through.

"And now, uncle, since we mean to stay till to-morrow, how do you mean to amuse us?"

Of course, I would have done anything in reason, have given them a tea drinking; but that would have driven my housekeeper crazy; or a pic-nic, but ours is the identical part of the country when the traveller asking "Does it always rain?" was answered "Na, na,—whiles it snaws." Or I would have invited half a dozen young men for them to flirt with — but there never are any young men in our town — besides, I dislike flirtation. I like a man or woman to fall honestly in love and stick to it, quite ready either to marry or to die, as might be most expedient. But people neither marry for love, nor die for it, now-a-days. Which is rather a falling off, I opine.

But to the point. I could not allow my visitors to waste their sweetness on my desert air, and gay and pleasant as they always were, I fancied towards nightfall they began to weary.

"I'll tell you what, girls," said I, driven to sudden desperation by the youngest's proposing Readings from Young's Night Thoughts, and Pollok's Course of Time, by way of passing the evening, "I'll take you to the circus."

I saw a slight smile flit over three of the six pretty — well, the six nice-looking faces — for pleasant women always look nice to me. Certainly it was a long way to come from London to go to a circus in a small country town in Scotland.

But I assured them it was a most talented company, which had been in the town three

months, and the troupe were highly respectable people (indeed, I had attended one of them professionally, but I did not think it necessary to state this). Moreover I had been there myself, with a small patient who wanted a treat, and had enjoyed the evening as much as the child did. In short, as I told them, if my "nieces," though such stylish young ladies, would only condescend to make themselves children for the nonce, to take pleasure in innocent childish folly (there was a most capital "fool," by-the-by), I would answer for it they would be exceedingly well amused.

So they put on hats and shawls — no need of white gloves and opera cloaks here — and off we sailed, through the cool bright autumn evening, to the quiet street where the circus was, a large wooden, temporary building. I had passed it often on my walks into town, but took little notice of it, and no interest in it; according to the commonly received fact, that one half the world neither knows nor cares how the other half lives — till my accidental visit lately.

Since then I had often paused to listen in passing to the sounds within, the band playing, and the horses galloping; to wonder if that bonnie bit girlie were still bounding through the flower-enwreathed hoops, and that agile boy turning somersaults after her, both on their "fiery steeds." Above all, what sort of a thing was that "Wondrous performance of Signor Uberto on the Flying Trapeze," which had been announced night after night as the climax of attraction.

Poor Signor Uberto! it was him whom I had been doctoring; he had a sore hand, which incapacitated him from professional duty. He seemed a very quiet respectable young fellow, and his name was John Stone. Of course I did not think it necessary to tell all this to my satirical young ladies; besides, a doctor's confidence should be always sacred, be his patient a circus performer or a king.

We produced quite a sensation when we entered; such a large and distinguished party, who monopolised the reserved seats, and represented seven half-crowns of honest British money. On the strength of which, I suppose, we received seven distinct bows from the gentleman who took it, a very fierce, be-whiskered, hippo-dramatic individual indeed. I knew him, though I hoped he did not recognize me. He was the Herr von Stein, proprietor and manager of the troupe, and Signor Uberto's father. It had been privately confided to me that "old Stone," as he was called in private life, was as hard as a flint, and he looked it. He

grasped the half-crowns as if they were pound-notes, or twenty-pound notes, and crammed them into his pocket immediately.

The performances had already begun. From boxes and gallery were stretched out a mass of those honest eager faces which always make a minor theater, or an accidental dramatic entertainment in the provinces, so very amusing. At least to me, who have seen so much of the dark side of life, that I like to see people happy, even for an hour, in any innocent way. There is a strong feeling in Scotland against "play-acting," but apparently the prejudice did not extend to quadrupedal performances, for I noticed a large gathering of the working and trading class in our town, with their wives and families. All were intently watching the careering round and round that magic "ring" of two beautiful horses, ridden by a boy and girl in the character of the "Highland Laddie and Lassie."

Ridden did I say? It was more like floating, flying, dancing — in and out, up and down — twirling and attitudinising in one another's arms — changing horses — galloping wildly, both on one horse. The boy was slim and graceful — the girl — why, she was a perfect little fairy, with her white frock, her tartan skarf, and the hood tying back her showers of light curly hair, that tossed and whirled in all directions. Whether she stood, knelt, balanced herself on one leg, or wreathed herself about, in the supple way that these gymnasts do, she was equally picturesque. Not over-like an Highland lassie, such as one sees digging potatoes in Perthshire, but still a most fascinating something else. The little creature seemed to enjoy it so herself; smiled, not with the dancer's stereotyped grin, but a broad honest childish smile, as she leaped down, made her final curtsy, and bounded along through the exit under the boxes.

There — among the group which seemed always hanging about there — the ring master, the clown, and one or two young men — there crept forward a figure in black, a young woman, who met the Highland fairy, threw a shawl over her, and carried her off; a performance not set down in the bills, but which seemed to entertain the audience exceedingly.

The next diversion was a "Feat on bottles, by Monsieur Ariel," who shall here go down to posterity as a proof of the many ingenious ways in which a man can earn a livelihood if he chooses. Two dozen empty bottles — ordinary "Dublin Stout" — are arranged in a double line across a wooden table. Enter a little fat man, in tights, and

an eccentric cap, who bows, springs upon the table, and with a solemn and anxious countenance proceeds to step, clinging with his two feet, on to the shoulders of two of the bottles. This is Monsieur Ariel. He walks from bottle to bottle, displacing none, and never once missing his footing, till he reaches the end of the double line, then slowly turns, still balancing himself with the utmost care, as is necessary, and walks back again amidst thunders of applause. He then, after pausing, and wiping his anxious brows, proceeds to several other feats, the last of which consists in forming the bottles into a pyramid, setting a chair on top of them, where he sits, stands, and finally poises himself on his head for a second, to the breathless delight of all observers, turns a somersault, bows, and exit Monsieur Ariel. He has earned his nightly wage and a tolerably hard-earned wage it is, to judge by his worn countenance.

But I cannot specify each of the performances, though, I confess, after-events photographed them all sharply on my mind. So that I still can see the "Dashing Act on a Bare-backed Horse," which was a series of leaps, backwards and forwards, turning and twisting, riding the beast in every sort of fashion, and on every part of him, except his ears and his tail; indeed, I think the equestrian gymnast was actually swept round the ring once or twice, clinging with arms and legs to the creature's neck. And the "Comic Performing Mules!" how delicious they were in their obstinacy! Perfectly tame and quiet, till one of the audience, by invitation, attempted to get on their backs, when, by some clever evolution, they gently slipped them over their noses, and left him biting the ignominious sawdust. One only succeeded — a youth in a groom's dress — who, after many failures, rode the mules round the ring; on which there was great triumph in the gallery, which felt that "our side" had won. For me — I doubt — since do I not in the next scene, the "Grand Hippodramatic Spectacle, entitled Dick Turpin's Ride to York," behold that identical youth, red-headed and long-nosed, attired, not as a groom of the sixteenth century, but as a highwayman of the seventeenth, and managing a beautiful bay horse, at least as cleverly as he did the Performing Mule?

This Ride to York — my nieces remember it still — and declare that Robson — alas, poor Robson! — could not have acted *Dick Turpin* better. And for Black Bess, her acting was beautiful, or rather it was not acting, but obeying. The way the mare

followed her master about, leaped the turn-pike at Hornsey, crawled into the ring again—supposed near York—with her flanks all flecked with foam (and white chalk), drank the pail of brandy and water, and ate the raw beefsteak, was quite touching. When, at last, she sank down, in a wonderful simulation of dying, and poor Dick, in a despairing effort to rouse her, struck her with the whip—my eldest niece winced, and muttered involuntarily, "Oh, how cruel!"—And when, after a futile struggle to obey and rise, poor Black Bess turned, licked Turpin's coat-sleeve, and dropped with her head back, prone, stiff, and dead—most admirably dead—my youngest niece, a tender-hearted lassie, freely acknowledges that—she cried!"

The last entertainment of the evening was the flying Trapeze.

Not everybody knows what a trapeze is; a series of handles, made of short poles suspended at either end by elastic ropes, and fastened to the roof, at regular intervals, all across the stage. These handles are swung to and fro by the performer or his assistant; and the feat is to catch each one, swing backwards and forwards with it, and then to spring on to the next one, producing to the eyes of the audience, for a brief second or two, exactly the appearance of flying. Of course the great difficulty lies in choosing the precise moment for the spring, and calculating accurately your grasp of the next handle, since, if you missed it—

"Ah," said my eldest niece, with a slight shudder, "now I see the meaning of those mattresses, which they are laying so carefully under the whole line of the trapeze. And I understand why that man, who walks about giving directions, is so very particular in seeing that the handles are fastened securely. He looks anxious too, I fancy."

"Well he may. He is Signor Uberto's father."

"Then, is it anything very dangerous, or frightful? Perhaps we had better go?"

But it was too late, or we fancied it was. Besides, for myself, I did not wish to leave. That strange excitement which impels us often to stop and see the end of a thing, dreadful though it may be, or else some feeling for which I was utterly unable to account, kept me firm in my place. For just then, entering quickly by the usual door, appeared a small slight young man, who looked a mere boy indeed, and in his white tight-fitting dress, that showed every muscle of an exceedingly delicate and graceful frame, was a model for a sculptor. He had long light hair, tied back with a ribbon, after the

fashion of acrobats, and thin pale features, very firm and still. This was the Signor Uberto, who was going once more to risk his life—as every trapeze performer must risk it—for our night's amusement.

He stood, while his father carefully tried the fastenings of each handle, and examined the platform on which were laid the mattresses. But the youth himself did not look at anything. Perhaps he was so used to it that the performance seemed safe and natural—perhaps he felt it was useless to think whether it were so or not, since he must perform. Or, possibly, he took all easily, and did not think of anything.

But I could not help putting myself into the place of the young man, and wondering whether he really did recognise any danger, more especially as I saw, lurking and watching in the exit corner, somebody belonging to him—the young woman in black, who was his sister, I concluded, since when I visited him she had brought lint and rags and helped me to tie up his sore hand. Over this hand his father was exceedingly anxious, because every day's loss of performance was a loss to the treasury. This was the first day of the signor's reappearance, and the circus was full to the roof.

Popularity is seldom without a reason, and I do not deny that the flying trapeze is a very curious and even beautiful sight. In this case the extreme grace of the performer added to its charm. He mounted, agile as a deer, the high platform at the end of the circus, and swung himself off by the elastic ropes, clinging only with his hands, his feet extended, like one of the floating figures in pictures of saints or fairies. His father, standing opposite, and watching intently his time—for a second might prove either too late or too soon—threw the other trapeze forward to meet him. The young man dropped lightly into it, hanging a moment in air between whiles, apparently as easily as if he had been born to fly, then gave himself another swing, and alighted safely at the far end of the platform.

This feat he accomplished twice, thrice, four times, each time with some slight variation, and more gracefully than the last, followed by a low murmur of applause—the people were too breathless to shout. The fifth time, when one had grown so familiar with the performance that one had almost ceased to shudder, and began to regard the performer not as a human creature at all, with flesh and blood and bones, but as some painted puppet, or phantasmal representation on a wall—the fifth time he missed his grasp of the second trapeze, and fell.

It was so sudden;—one moment the sight of that flying figure—the next, a crash on the matted platform, on its edge, from which rolled off a helpless something, falling with a heavy thud on the sawdust floor below.

I heard a scream—it might be from one of my girls, but I could not heed them. Before I well knew where I was, I found myself with the young man's head on my knee, trying to keep off the crowd that pressed round.

"Is he dead?"

"Na, na—he's no deid. Give him some whiskey. He's coming to, pair laddie."

But he did not "come to," not for hours, until I had him taken to the nearest available place—which happened to be my own house, for his lodgings were at the other end of the town.

All the long night that I sat by the poor young man's bedside, I felt somehow as if I had murdered him, or helped to do it. For had I not "followed the multitude to do evil," added my seven half-crowns to tempt him, or rather the skin-flint father who was making money by him, to risk his life for our amusement? True he would have done it all the same had I not been there; but still I was there. I and my young ladies had swelled the number which had lured him on to his destruction, and I felt very guilty. What they felt, poor dears, I do not know; it was quite impossible for me to take any heed of them. My whole attention was engrossed by the case. I wonder if people suppose us surgeons hardened because we get into the habit of speaking of our fellow-creatures merely as a "case."

No one hindered my doing what I would with my patient, so I had him removed to my own room—the spare rooms being occupied—examined him, and set a simple fracture of the arm, which was the only visible injury. Then I sat and watched him, as conscience-stricken as if I had been one of the old Roman emperors at a gladiator show, or a modern Spanish lady at a bull-fight, or a fast young English nobleman hiring rooms at the Old Bailey in order to witness a judicial murder. For had I not sat calmly by, a spectator of what was neither more nor less than murder?

Somebody behind me seemed to guess at my thought.

"If he had died, doctor, I should always have said he had been murdered."

There was an intensity in the voice which quite startled me, for she had kept so quietly in the background that I had scarcely noticed her till now—the young woman in

black. She was not a pretty young woman—perhaps not young at all—being so deeply pitted with small-pox that her age became doubtful to guess at; but she had kind soft eyes, an intelligent forehead, and an excessively sweet English voice.

If there is one thing more than another by which I judge a woman, it is her voice; not her set "company" voice, but the tone she speaks in ordinarily or accidentally. *That* never deceives. Looks may. I have known fair-faced blue-eyed angels, and girls with features as soft and lovely as hours, who could talk in most dulcet fashion till something crossed them, and then out came the hard metallic ring, which always indicates that curse of womanhood—worst of all faults except untruthfulness—*temper*. And I have heard voices, belonging to the plainest of faces, which were deep and soft, and low like a thrush's in an April garden. I would rather marry the woman that owned such a voice than the prettiest woman in the world.

This young woman had one, and I liked her instantaneously.

"Who are you, my dear?" I whispered.

"His sister?"

"He has none—nor brother either."

"His cousin, then?"

"No."

I looked my next question, and she answered it with the simple honesty I expected from the owner of that voice.

"John and I were playfellows; then we kept company five years, and mean to be married next month. His father was against it, or it would have been sooner. But Johnny wished to stop trapezeing and settle in some other line; and Old Stone wanted money, and wouldn't let him go. At last they agreed for six more performances, and this was the first of the six.

"He'll never perform more," said I involuntarily.

"No, he couldn't with that arm. I am very thankful for it," said she, with a touching desperate clutch at the brightest side of things.

How could I tell her what I begun every hour more to dread, that the broken arm was the least injury which had befallen the young man; that I feared one of those concussions to the spine, which are often produced by a fall from a height, or a railway injury, and which, without any external wound, cripples the sufferer for years or for life.

"No, he never shall do anything o' that sort again," continued she. "Father or no father, I'll not have him murdered. And

there came a hard fierceness into her eyes, like that of a creature who has long been hunted down, and at last suddenly turns at bay.

"Where is his father? he has not come near him."

"Of course not. He's a precious coward is Old Stone, and as sharp as a needle after money, or at keeping away when money's likely to be wanted. But don't be afraid. I've myself got enough to pay you, sir. That's all the better. He is *my* Johnny now."

This was the most of our conversation, carried on at intervals, and in whispers, during the night. My fellow-watcher sat behind the curtain, scarcely moving, except to do some feminine office, such as building up the fire noiselessly, coal by coal, as nurses know how, handing me anything I required of food or medicine. Or else she sat motionless with her eyes fixed on the death-white face; but she never shed a tear. Not till, in the dawn of morning the young man woke up in his right senses, and spoke feebly, but articulately.

"Doctor, thank you. I knew you, and I know what's happened. Only, just one word. I want Dorothy. Please fetch Dorothy."

"Yes, Johnny," spoken quite softly and composedly. "Yes, Johnny. I'm here."

It was a difficult case. The first-rate Edinburgh surgeon, whom, doubting my own skill, I fetched the next day, could make nothing of it. There were no injuries, external or internal, that could be traced, except the broken arm; the young man lay complaining of nothing, perfectly conscious and rational, but his lower limbs apparently paralysed.

We called in a third doctor; he, too, was puzzled; but he said he had known one such case, where, after a railway accident, a man had been brought home apparently uninjured, but having received some severe nervous shock, probably to the spine. He had been laid upon his bed, and there he lay yet, though it was years ago; suffering little, and with all his faculties clear, but totally helpless; obliged to be watched over and waited upon like an infant, by his old wife.

"For he was an old man, and he had a wife which was lucky for him," added Doctor A. "It's rather harder for that poor young fellow, who may have to lie as he does now for the rest of his days."

"Hush!" I said, for he was talking loud in the passage, and close behind us stood poor Dorothy. I hoped she had not heard, but the first sight of her face convinced me

she had; only women have at times a self-control that is almost awful.

Whether it was that I was afraid to meet her, I do not know, but I stepped quickly out of the house, and walked a mile or more to the railway station with my two friends. When I returned, the first thing I saw was Dorothy, waiting on the stair-head, with my housekeeper beside her. For, I should observe, that good woman did not object nearly so much to a poor dying lad as to an evening party, and had taken quite kindly to Dorothy.

Yes, she had heard it all, poor girl, and I could not attempt to deceive her; indeed, I felt by instinct that she was a person who could not be deceived; to whom it was best to tell the whole truth; satisfied that she would bear it well. She did, wonderfully. Of course I tempered it with the faint consolation, that doctors are sometimes mistaken, and that the young man had youth on his side; but there the truth was, blank and bare, nor did I pretend to hide it.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Thank you for telling me all. My poor Johnny!"

I took her into the parlour, and gave her a glass of wine.

"I don't need it, sir; I'm used to sick-nursing. I nursed my sister till she died. We were dress-makers, and then Johnny got me as costume-maker to the circus. I can earn a good deal by my needle, sir."

This seemed far away from the point, and so did her next remark.

"His father won't help him, sir, you'll see, not a halfpenny. He's got another — wife he calls her, and a lot of other children, and doesn't care twopenny for Johnny."

"Poor fellow!"

"He isn't a poor fellow," she answered sharply, "he's a very clever fellow; can read and write, and keep accounts; he was thinking of trying for a clerk's situation. With that, and my dressmaking, we should have done very well, if we had once been married."

I hardly knew what to answer. I felt so exceedingly sorry for the poor girl, and yet she did not seem to feel her affliction. There was a strange light in her eyes, and a glow on her poor plain face, very unlike one whose whole hopes in life had just been suddenly blasted.

"Doctor," the voice went to my heart despite its bad grammar, and horrible English pronunciation, dropped h's and all, "may I speak to you, for I've nobody else, not a soul belonging to me, but Johnny. Will you let him stop here for a week or two?"

"A month, if necessary."

"Thank you. He shall be no trouble to you. I'll take care of that. Only, there's one thing to be done first. Doctor, I must marry Johnny."

She said it in such a matter-of-fact tone, that at first I doubted if I had rightly heard.

"Marry him? Good Heavens. You don't mean" —

"Yes I do, sir. Just that."

"Why, he will never be able to do a hand's turn of work for you — may never rise from his bed; will have to be tended like an infant for months and may die after all."

"No matter sir. He'd rather die with me than with anybody. Johnny loves me. I'll marry him."

There was a quiet determination about the woman which put all argument aside. And, Heaven forgive me! if it needs to be forgiven, I tried none. I am an old-fashioned fellow, who never was so happy as to have any woman loving me; but I have known enough of women to feel surprised at nothing they do, of this sort. Besides, I thought, and think still, that Dorothy was right, and that she did no more than was perfectly natural under the circumstances.

"And now, sir, how is it to be managed?"

Of course the sooner it was managed the better, and I found, on talking with her, that she had already arranged it all in her own mind. She had lived long enough in Scotland to be aware that a Scotch irregular marriage was easy enough; simply by the parties declaring themselves husband and wife before witnesses; but still her English feelings and habits clung to a marriage "by a proper clergyman." She was considerably relieved when I explained to her that if she put in the banns that Friday night — they might be "cried" on Sunday in the parish kirk, and married by my friend the minister, to whom I would explain the matter, on Monday morning.

"That will do," she said. "And now I must go up-stairs and speak to Johnny."

What she said to him, or how he received it, is impossible for me to relate. They told me nothing and I did not inquire. It was not my business; indeed, it was nobody's business but their own.

Now, though I may be a very foolish old fellow, romantic, with the deep-seated desperate romance which, my eldest niece avers, underlies the hard and frigid Scotch character (I suspect she has her own reasons for studying it so deeply), still, I am not such a fool as I appear. Though I did take these young people into my house, and was

quite prepared to assist at their marriage considering it the best thing possible for both under the circumstances, still I was not going to let them be married without having fully investigated their antecedents.

I went to the circus, and there tried vainly to discover the Herr von Stein, whose black-bearded head I was sure I saw slipping away out of the ring, where the "Highland Lassie," in a dirty cotton frock, and a dirtier face, was careering round and round on her beautiful horse, while in the centre, on the identical table of the night before — what an age it seemed ago! — a little fat man in shirt-sleeves and stocking soles was walking solitarily and solemnly upon bottles.

From him — Monsieur Ariel, who had been inquiring more than once at my house to day, leaving his name as "Mr. Higgins" — I gained full confirmation of Dorothy Hall's story. She and John Stone were alike respectable and well-conducted young people, and evidently great favorites in the establishment. Then, and afterwards, I also learnt a few other facts, which people are slow to believe everywhere, especially in Scotland, namely, that it is quite possible for "play-actors," and even circus performers, to be very honest and decent folk; and then, in fact, it does not do to judge of anybody by his calling, but solely by himself and his actions.

I hope, therefore, that I am passing no uncharitable judgement on the Herr von Stein, if I simply relate what occurred between us, without making any comment on his actions.

Finding he could not escape me, and that I sent message after message to him, he at last returned into the ring, and there — while the horses still went prancing round, the little girl continued her leaping, and we caught the occasional click-click of Monsieur Ariel practising among his bottles — the father stood and heard what I had to tell him concerning his son.

He was a father, and he seemed a good deal shocked, for about three minutes. Then he revived.

"It's very unfortunate, doctor; especially so for me, with my large family. What am I to do with him? What," becoming more energetic, "what the devil am I to do with him?"

And — perhaps it was human nature, paternal nature, in its lowest form, as you may often see it in the police columns of the Times newspaper — when I told him that the only thing he had to do was to give his consent to his son's marriage with Dorothy

Hall, he appeared first greatly astonished, and then as greatly relieved.

"My consent? Certainly. They're both five-and-twenty — old enough to know their own minds — and have been courting ever so long. She's an excellent young woman; can earn a good income too. Yes, sir. Give them my cordial consent, and, in case it may be useful to them — this."

He fumbled in his pocket, took out an old purse, and counted out into my hand, with an air of great magnificence, five dirty pound notes. Which was all that I or anybody else ever saw of the money of the Herr von Stein.

When I gave them, with his message, to Dorothy, she crumpled them up in her fingers, with a curious sort of smile, but she never spoke one word.

Uncle Adam has been at many a marriage, showy and quiet, grave and gay, hearty and heartless, but he is ready to declare, solemnly, that he never saw one which touched him so much as that brief ceremony, which took place at the bedside of John Stone, the trapeze performer. It did not occupy more than ten minutes, for in the bridegroom's sad condition the slightest agitation was to be avoided. My housekeeper and myself were the only witnesses, and the whole proceeding was made as matter-of-fact as possible.

The bride's wedding dress was the shabby old black gown, which she had never taken off for three days and nights, during which she, my housekeeper, and I, had shared incessant watch together; her face was very worn and weary, but her eyes were bright, and her voice steady. She never faltered once till the few words which make a Scotch marriage were ended, and the minister — himself not unmoved — had shaken hands with her and wished her every happiness.

"Is it all done?" said she, half bewildered.

"Ay, lassie," answered my old housekeeper, "ye're married, sure enough."

Dorothy knelt down, put her arms round Johnny's neck, and laid her head beside him on the pillow, sobbing a little, but softly even now.

"Oh my dear, my dear! nothing can ever part us more."

The wonderful circus of Herr von Stein has left our town a long time ago. It took its departure, indeed, very soon after the dreadful trapeze accident, which of course got into all the local papers, and was discussed pretty sharply all over the country.

Nay, the unfortunate Signor Uberto, alias John Stone, had the honour of being made the subject of a Times leader, and there was more than one letter in that paper suggesting a subscription for his benefit. But it came out somehow that his father was a circus proprietor of considerable means, and so the subscription languished, never reaching beyond thirty odd pounds, with which benevolence the public was satisfied.

I believe John Stone was satisfied too, that is, if he ever heard of it, which is doubtful; for during the earlier weeks and months of his illness his wife took care to keep every thing painful from him; and so did I, so long as they remained under my roof. This was a good deal longer than was at first intended, for my housekeeper became so attached to Mrs. John Stone, that she could not bear to let them go. And the poor fellow himself was, as Dorothy had promised, "no trouble," almost a pleasure in the house, from his patience, sweetness, and intelligence.

When they left me, they went to a small lodging hard by, where the wife set up dress-making, and soon got as much work as ever she could do, among my patients, and the townspeople generally. For some enthusiastic persons took an interest in her, and called her "a heroine;" though, I confess, I myself always objected to this, and never could see that she had done any more than what was the most right and natural thing for a woman to do, supposing women were as they used to be in my young days, or as I used to think them.

But, heroine or not, Dorothy prospered. And in process of time her love was rewarded even beyond her hopes. Her husband's mysterious affliction gradually amended. He began to use his feet, then his legs, and slowly recovered, in degree, the power of walking. Not that he ever became a robust man; the shock of his fall, acting on an exceedingly delicate and nervous frame, seemed to have affected all the springs of life; but he was no longer quite invalided and helpless, and by-and-by he began anxiously to seek for occupation. I hardly know which was the happiest, himself or Dorothy, when I succeeded in getting him employment as a writer's copying clerk, with as much work as filled up his time, and saved him from feeling, what he could not but feel — though I think he did not feel it very painfully, he loved her so — that his wife was the sole bread-winner.

When I go to see them now, in their cheery little home of two rooms, one devoted to dressmaking, the other, half-kitchen, half-

bedroom, in which John sits, and where Dorothy, with her usual habit of making the best of things, has accommodated Scotch ways to her English notions of comfort and tidiness — I say, when I go to see these two, so

contented, and devoted to one another, I often think that among many fortunate people, I have seen far less happy couples than John and Dorothy.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

POEMS OF MISS BOOTH.

As the translator who has introduced to us some of the ablest products of modern French literature, Miss Mary C. H. Booth is well known to the literary world; but a very modest and unpretending little volume, called "Wayside Blossoms among Fowers from German Gardens," bearing the double imprint of Bangel & Schmitt, Heidelberg, Germany, and S. C. West, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, shows us that Miss Booth also woos the muse, and can turn a stanza with no common facility and neatness.

About one-third of the little volume is occupied by original poems, and the remainder by translations from Uhlann, Anneke, Fischer, Grun, Hebbel, Heine and Herwegh.

Of Miss Booth's original poems one called "Willie Brown" has been widely copied by the newspaper press; but preferable to it is

THE VOLUNTEER'S VISION.

Last night as I lay in the rain,
And looked up to heaven through the night,
A vision came o'er me, and lighted my brain
With a glory that never will flood it again
This side of the River of Light.

And I heard a sweet sound as it came,
Like the flutter of feathery wings,
And the voice of a seraph kept calling my name,
And her breath in my tresses went playing the same
As the air in an instrument's string.

I told my wild heart to be still,
That the vision was naught but a dream,
For I knew not that over the amethyst hill
The feet of my darling had wandered at will
On the banks of Eternity's stream.

I said to the seraph winged-bird,
O, why have you come from the West?
And she told how the leaves of the forest were stirred.
By the feet of the angels who brought her the word
Of a land where the weary may rest.

She said she was tired and faint,
And her heart was all covered with snow;
The angels they heard her unuttered complaint,
They called her, and brought her the robes of a saint,
And she said she was ready to go.

I told her the blossoms were sweet,
In the meadows the same as of yore,
But she showed me the dew on her sparkling feet
They had caught of the lilies that bordered the street
By sands of the Paradise shore.

I asked her how long I must wait
Before I should meet her afar.
And I prayed her unfold me the book of my fate,
But she vanished, and passed through the crystaline gate
She had left in her coming ajar.

Dear Hugh, there's a battle to-day,
And perchance I may happen to fall;
If I'm not at the call of the roll, you may say,
A good-bye to the boys in my name for I may
Have said "aye" to an angel's call.

Another sweet idea is expressed in these lines:

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

There are poems unwritten, and songs unsung
Sweeter than any that ever were heard —
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives —
Poems unnoticed and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives,
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of the May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold —
Felt, though unseen by the beings who love us,
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest !
Read me the poem that never was penned —
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, Oh, beautiful friend !

Among the translations we find the "Mother God as Kevlar," from Heine, also translated by Mr. Montclair, in his little volume, "Real and Ideal;" and it is curious to compare the two translations:

(BOOTH.)

At the window stood the mother,
In bed there lay her son,
Will you not rise my William,
To see the procession.

I am so sick, oh, mother,
I cannot hear or see,
I think on dear dead Gretchen,
And my heart it aches in me.

(MONTCLAIR.)

The mother stood at the window
On the bed her sick son lay;
Arise and come hither, dear William,
The procession is coming this way

I am very feeble dear mother,
Too faint to listen or see;
When I think of dying Gretchen,
The world seems all lost to me.

Reverting to Miss Booth's translation we will in conclusion quote a few stanzas from Anastasius Grun:

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

Grandfather and Grandmother
They sat by the garden way,
Upon their cheeks were smiles as still
As a sunny winter's day.

With arm round my beloved,
I sat, not far away,
Our hearts with sounds and blossoms full,
As the meadows in the May.

A streamlet purled beside us,
With wandering murmur light,
And the silent clouds above us
Sailed out beyond our sight.

And from the rustling branches
The dead leaves clad in rime,
Fell o'er us while before us
Fled the soft step of time.

They gazed in silence on us,
That still and peaceful pair
In them life's double mirror
Stood clear before us there.

They saw us, and remembered
Life's pleasant by-gone days
We looked on them, and dreamed about
The future's far-off day.

REST AT EVENING.

When the weariness of life is ended,
And the task of our long day is done,
And the props on which our hearts depended,
All have failed or broken, one by one;
Evening and our sorrow's shadow blended,
Telling us that peace is now begun:

How far back will seem the sun's first dawning,
And those early mists, so cold and gray!
Half forgotten e'en the toil of morning,
And the heat and burden of the day:
Flowers that we were tending, and weeds scorn-
ing,
All alike withered and cast away.

Vain will seem the impatient heart which
waited
Toils that gathered but too quickly round;
And the childish joy, so soon elated
At the path we thought none else had found;
And the foolish ardor, soon abated
By the storm which cast us to the ground.

Vain those pauses on the road, each seeming
As our final home and resting place:
And the leaving them, while tears were stream-
ing
Of eternal sorrow down our face,
And the hands we held, fond folly dreaming
That no future could their touch efface.

All will then be faded. Night will borrow
Stars of light to crown our perfect rest;
And the dim, vague memory of faint sorrow
Just remain to show us all was best;
Then melt into a divine to-morrow.
Oh! how poor a day to be so blest!

"Thoughts for Weary Hours."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

IN the course of a recent visit to the United States, the writer of this article had a short interview with President Lincoln, then just re-elected. Public men in America are very good-natured in granting these interviews even to people who have no business to transact with them; or rather perhaps the sovereign people is too exacting in requiring that its public servants shall always be accessible to every one who chooses to call. This tax upon their time is particularly burdensome, because, there being no regular civil service, they have no adequate assistance in the details of the work, which are cast, far more than they ought to be, upon the chief of the department. The White House and the departments of State have been judiciously placed at a considerable distance from the Capitol, to prevent members of Congress from perpetually dropping in upon the President and the members of the Cabinet. But probably a very large part of the morning of each of these functionaries is consumed in interviews which do not in any way promote the public service.

You pass into the President's room of business through an anteroom, which has, no doubt, been paced by many an applicant for office and many an intriguer. There is no formality — nothing in the shape of a guard; and, if this man is really "a tyrant worse than Robespierre," he must have great confidence in the long-sufferance of his kind. The room is a common office-room — the only ornament that struck the writer's eye being a large photograph of John Bright. The President's face and figure are well known by likenesses and caricatures. The large-boned and sinewy frame, six feet four inches in height, is probably that of the yeoman of the north of England — the district from which Lincoln's name suggests that his forefathers came — made spare and gaunt by the climate of America. The face, in like manner, denotes an English yeoman's solidity of character and good sense, with something superadded from the enterprising life and sharp habits of the Western Yankee. The brutal fidelity of the photograph, as usual, has given the features of the original, but left out the expression. It is one of kindness, and, except when specially moved to mirth, of seriousness and care. The manner and address are perfectly simple, modest, and unaffected, and therefore free from vulgarity in the eyes of all who are not vulgar themselves.

There was nothing in the conversation par-

ticularly worth repeating. It turned partly on the incidents of the recent election. The President was trying to make out from the polls, which had then not perfectly come in, whether the number of electors had diminished since the beginning of the war; and he flattered himself that it had not. His mind seemed to have been dwelling on this point. He remarked that, in reckoning the number of those who had perished in the war, a fair per-centage must be deducted for ordinary mortality, which would have carried off under any circumstances a certain proportion of the men, all of whom were generally set down as victims of the sword. He also remarked that very exaggerated accounts of the carnage had been produced by including among the killed large numbers of men whose term of enlistment had expired, and who had been on that account replaced by others, or had reenlisted themselves; and he told in illustration of this remark one of his characteristic stories: — "A negro had been learning Arithmetic. Another negro asked him, if he shot at three pigeons sitting on a fence and killed one, how many would remain. 'Two,' replied the arithmetician. 'No,' said the other negro, 'the other two would fly away.'" In the course of the conversation he told two or three more of these stories — if stories they could be called, — always by way of illustrating some remark he had made, rather than for the sake of the anecdote itself. The writer recognised in this propensity as he thought, not a particularly jocular temperament, much less an addiction to brutal levity, such as would call for a comic song among soldiers' graves, but the humour of the West, and especially of a Western man accustomed to address popular audiences, and to enforce his ideas by vivid and homely illustrations. You must have studied the American character — and indeed the English character of which it is the offspring — very superficially if you do not know that a certain levity of expression, in speaking even of important subjects, is perfectly compatible with great earnestness and seriousness beneath. The language of the President, like his demeanour, was perfectly simple; he did not let fall a single coarse or vulgar phrase, and all his words had a meaning.

"A brutal boor" is the epithet applied to the twice-elected representative of the American nation by certain English journals, and the assiduous repetition of this and equivalent phrases has probably fixed that idea of Mr. Lincoln in the minds of the unreflecting mass of our people. Those who hold this language, reason — in ignorance

of the man and of the class to which he belongs—from the undeniable fact that he was the son of a poor Western farmer, brought up in a log cabin, and living, till past the age of twenty, by the labour of his hands; which perhaps still retain, in the unaristocrat size often noticed by critics, the traces of their former toil. He eagerly sought knowledge, however; borrowed the books which he could not afford to buy; and made one of them his own, according to a current anecdote, by three days' hard work in pulling fodder. From the work of a farm labourer he rose to that of a clerk in a store, was for a short time a surveyor, and at last became a lawyer. His associates, of course, were Western farmers; but Western farmers, though inferior in polish, are probably not inferior in knowledge to English squires. They are as ignorant of Latin and Greek as the English squire generally is two years after leaving college; but they know a good many things which are not included in the squire's education. A friend of the writer, travelling in the West, was at a loss to explain to his companion the principle of the electric telegraph: their hired driver, overhearing the discussion, turned round and gave a perfectly correct explanation. The writer himself has conversed with men of the President's class and district, on subjects both of politics and religion; and he certainly, to say the least, would be slow to conclude that any one to whom they looked up must be in intellect a boor. On the political questions which concern them these farmers are probably as shrewd and intelligent as any set of men in the world. They are great readers of newspapers, and eager attendants at political meetings. Not unfrequently, in an electoral contest, the two candidates, instead of addressing their partisans separately, make their canvassing tour together, and speak against each other, at the different stations of the electoral district, before the electors of both sides. A chairman is appointed to moderate, and the disputation is carried on with order and good humour. Such an exercise must at least force a politician to think clearly. Mr. Lincoln encountered Douglas, the great champion of the democratic party, in a series of these tournaments during the canvas of 1858, and the ability which he then showed laid the foundation of his national reputation. It has been pretended by correspondents of the English press that his speeches were made for him by reporters sent down by his party, but it is not very likely that Mr. Douglas and his friends would have allowed fictitious speeches to be substituted for those which

their opponent really made. The story is merely an instance of the determination to maintain the theory that the President of the United States is nothing but a boor.

That he is something more than a boor his address at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg will in itself be sufficient to prove. The greatest orator of the United States pronounced on that occasion a long elaborate, and very eloquent discourse, with all that grace of delivery by which he is distinguished. The President, with a very ungainly manner, said these words:—

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

There are one or two phrases here, such as "dedicated to the proposition," which betray a hand untrained in fine writing, and are proofs that the composition is Lincoln's own. But, looking to the substance, it may be doubted whether any king in Europe would have expressed himself more royally than the peasant's son. And, even as to the form, we cannot help remarking that simplicity of structure and pregnancy of meaning are the true characteristics of the classical style.

It is easy to believe that the man who had the native good taste to produce this address would be capable of committing gross indecencies—that he would call for comic songs to be sung over soldiers' graves?

Mr. Lincoln is not a highly cultivated politician; and it is much to be lamented that he is not; for he will have to deal, in the course of reconstruction, with political problems requiring for their solution all the light that political science and history can afford. Like American statesmen in general, he is no doubt entirely unversed in the principles of economy and finance; and it is quite credible that he may be, as is reported, the author of the strange scheme for raising money by issuing a kind of stock which shall not be liable to seizure for debt. But within the range of his knowledge and vision, which does not extend beyond the constitution, laws, and political circumstances of his own country, he is a statesman. He distinctly apprehends the fundamental principles of the community at the head of which he is placed, and enunciates them, whenever there is occasion, with a breadth and clearness which gives them fresh validity. He keeps his main object — the preservation of the Union and the Constitution — distinctly in view, and steadily directs all his actions to it. If he suffers himself to be guided by events, it is not because he loses sight of principles, much less because he is drifting, but because he deliberately recognises in events the manifestation of moral forces, which he is bound to consider, and the behests of Providence, which he is bound to obey. He neither floats at random between the different sections of his party, nor does he abandon himself to the impulse of any one of them, whether it be that of the extreme Abolitionists or that of the mere Politicians; but he treats them all as elements of the Union party, which it is his task to hold together, and conduct as a combined army to victory. To do him justice, you must read his political writings and speeches,* looking to the substance and not to the style, which, in the speeches especially, is often very uncultivated, though it never falls into the worse faults of inflation and rhodomontade so common in American State-papers. Perhaps his letter to Mr. Hodges, a member of a deputation from Kentucky, explaining his course on the subject of slavery, is as good a specimen as can be selected.

* Those political writings which emanate from him self alone. In his Messages to the Legislature his ministers have a hand. The part of the last message, for example, relating to Foreign Affairs, in which, by way of asserting American Independence and greatness, the great powers of Europe are ignored, and the half-barbarous impotencies of South America brought into the foreground, may be safely pronounced to be the work of a subtler genius than that of the President.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
April 4th, 1864.

"A. G. HODGES, Esq., Frankfort, Ky.

"MY DEAR SIR, — You ask me to put in writing the substance of what I verbally said the other day, in your presence, to Governor Bramlette and Senator Dixon. It was about as follows: —

"I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery. I did not understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving by every indispensable means, that government, that nation, of which that constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional, might become lawful, by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution, through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if to save slavery, or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and constitution altogether. When early in the war, General Fremont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then secretary of war, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When, in March, and May, and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the Border states to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come, unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering

the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand on the colored element. I chose the latter. In choosing it I was not entirely confident. More than a year of trial shows no loss by it in our foreign relations, none in our home popular sentiment, none in our white military force, no loss by it anyhow, or anywhere. On the contrary, it shows a gain of quite a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, seamen, and labourers. These are palpable facts, about which, as facts, there can be no cavilling. We have the men; and we could not have had them without the measure.

"And now let any Union man who complains of the measure test himself by writing down in one line, that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms, and in the next, that he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be best for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his case so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth.

"I add a word which was in the verbal conversation. In telling this tale, I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party, or any man devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the the North as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new causes to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

"Yours truly,

(Signed)

"A. LINCOLN."

Few will deny that a modest and patient sagacity finds its expression here.

Like most of the Western republicans, Lincoln belonged not to the extreme Abolitionists, but to the party who resisted the extension of slavery; and of the principals of this party he was a steady and unflinching advocate. His course, therefore, on this subject, has been consistent throughout.

The religious sentiments expressed in the last paragraph of the letter pervades all the President's productions; and it seems to be genuine. He is no Puritan: It is said that in Illinois, among his rough and jovial companions, he is, in conversation at least, rather the reverse—but he has a real sense of the presence and providence of God; and this feeling has probably helped to keep him, as he has been, calm in peril and temperate in success. It is curious to contrast the following passage, giving his idea of the revelations of Providence to rulers, with the language of Cromwell and the Puritan chiefs on the same subject. The passage occurs in an answer to a deputation

from the churches at Chicago, which had pressed upon him the policy of immediate emancipation:

"The subject presented in the memorial is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and perhaps in some respect both. I hope it will not be irreverent in me to say that, if it is probable that God would reveal His will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. And if I can learn what it is I will do it! These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right."

No calumny, to all appearance, can be more grotesque than that which charges Mr. Lincoln with aiming at arbitrary power. Judging from all that he says and does, no man can be more deeply imbued with reverence for liberty and law, or more sincerely desirous of identifying his name with the preservation of free institutions. He sanctioned, though he did not originate, the military arrests; but he did so in the conscientious belief that the power was given him by the constitution, and that the circumstances had arisen in which it was necessary to exercise it for the salvation of the State. His justification of these acts is scrupulously and anxiously constitutional. To the remonstrants who tell him that the safeguards of habeas corpus and trial by jury "were secured substantially to the English people after years of protracted civil war, and were adopted into our constitution at the close of the revolution," he replies, "Would not th demonstration be better if it could have been truly said that these safeguards had been adopted and applied *during* the civil wars and *during* our revolution, instead of *after* the one and at the *close* of the other? I too am devotedly for them after civil war and before civil war, and at all times, except when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require their suspension." The words he here quotes are from the constitution; and they ought to be known to those who accuse Mr. Lincoln of flagrant and inexcusable usurpation.

The effects of Mr. Lincoln's legal training are visible both in his mode of reasoning on

constitutional questions, and in the occasional acuteness of his replies to objectors, of which the sentence last quoted is a specimen. But, fortunately for him, he entered the legal profession rather late, when he had had time to form his character and understanding on an unprofessional basis.

Few, even of those who call him a tyrant and an usurper, have ventured to charge him with personal cruelty. It is scarcely possible to obtain his consent to the execution of a deserter or a spy. He has set his heart on carrying through the revolution, if possible, without shedding any blood except on the field of battle. This is the more creditable to his humanity, since it is believed, and he shares that belief, that an attempt was made to assassinate him at Baltimore immediately after his first election.

That he has made mistakes in his choice of men, especially of military men, is not to be denied. In fact, as regards the military appointments, nothing could direct him or any one else to the right men except the criterion of experience, fearfully costly as it was. It is true that he has, in some cases, appointed men to military commands from political motives; but the political motives were connected, it is believed, not with personal or party jobbery, but with the necessities, real or supposed, of the public service. Sigel, for example, was appointed to the command in which he failed, because the Germans, whose idol he was, would not serve so readily under any other general. No soldier who had really proved himself competent has been passed over, though the President's good nature has delayed the removal of those whose incompetence had appeared.

It is another current fiction that the President is excessively garrulous, and "always on the balcony." Most American statesmen are open to this imputation; but the President is an exception. "I am very

little inclined on any occasion to say anything unless I hope to produce some good by it." To this maxim, from the time of his election, he has very steadily adhered; and perhaps it would be difficult to show that he had ever made an uncalled-for speech, or, when called upon to speak, said more than the occasion required.

There is another great meed of praise to which Mr. Lincoln is entitled. Chief of a party in one of the most desperate struggles of history, he has never, by anything that has fallen from his lips, gratuitously increased the bitterness of civil war. His answer to those who came to congratulate him on his reelection was thoroughly generous, chivalrous, and patriotic. He "did not wish to triumph over any man." He "had never wilfully planted a thorn in any man's bosom." It is true that he has not.

Our great public instructor told us the other day that Lincoln's re-election was perhaps on the whole the best thing that could have happened for this country, because having already said as much against England as was necessary to secure to him the Irish vote, he had probably exhausted his malignity on that subject. All who know the simplest facts of American politics are aware that to talk of Mr. Lincoln's securing the Irish vote is about as rational as it would be to talk of Lord Derby's securing the vote of the Chartists. But Mr. Lincoln, it is believed, is one of the few public men in America who have never joined, or affected to join, in the profligate denunciations of England which were a part of the regular stock-in-trade of the Democratic party, and of the slaveowners who were its chiefs. Whether he is a great man or not, he is at least an honest one; he can feel responsibility; and his re-election was to be desired not only for the good of his country, but for the peace of the world.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE AUTHOR OF "ORION." — "Perhaps one of the most, if not the most, melancholy spectacles in the Blue Mountains is that of Richard H. Horne, the author of 'Orion,' one of the best poems in the English language, passing his life away amid the dreary solitudes of Newbury, 'buried alive' in a locality whose only popula-

tion is about six souls, and half that number of dogs. To see a true poet cutting wood, cooking his own food, and wasting his energies on a barren soil, in the service of an unappreciative government, is a sight harrowing alike to the mental and outward vision." — *Melbourne Herald*, Sept. 28.

OUR OLDEST FRIEND.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Read to the "Boys of '29," Jan. 5, 1865.

I give you the health of the oldest friend
That short of eternity, earth can lend,—
A friend so faithful and tried and true
That nothing can wean him from me and you.

When first we screeched in the sudden blaze
Of the daylight's blinding and blasting rays,
And gulped at the gaseous, groggy air,
This old, old friend stood waiting there.

And when, with a kind of mortal strife,
We had gasped and choked into breathing life,
He watched by the cradle day and night,
And held our hands till we stood upright.

From gristle and pulp our frames have grown
To stringy muscle and solid bone :
While we were changing, he altered not ;
We might forget, but he never forgot.

He came with us to the college class,—
Little cared he for the steward's pass !
All the rest must pay their fee,
But the grim old dead-head entered free.

He stayed with us while we counted o'er,
Four times each of the seasons four ;
And with every season, from year to year,
The dear name Classmate he made more dear.

He never leaves us,—he never will,
Till our hands are cold and our hearts are still :
On birthdays, and Christmas, and New Year's
too,

He always remembers both me and you.

Every year this faithful friend
His little presents is sure to send ;
Every year, whereso'er we be,
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

How he loves us ! he pats our heads,
And, lo ! they are gleaming with silver threads ;
And he's always begging one lock of hair,
Till our shining crowns have nothing to wear.

At length he will tell us, one by one,
" My child, your labor on earth is done ;
And now you must journey afar to see
My elder brother,—Eternity ! "

And so, when long, long years have passed,
Some dear old fellow will be the last,—
Never a boy alive but he
Of all our goodly company !

When he lies down, but not till then,
Our kind Class-Angel will drop the pen
That writes in the day-book kept above
Our lifelong record of faith and love.

So here's a health in homely rhyme
To our oldest classmate, Father Time !
May our last survivor live to be
As bald but as wise and tough as he !

Atlantic Monthly.

UPON THE JUST AND THE UNJUST.

No stint, no measure, waiting not our call,
Our Father's liberal hand
Opens and lets His choicest blessings fall
On sea and smiling land.

The sunshine and the dew, the fostering rain,
The breezes warm and sweet,
The wildbirds singing and the soft refrain
That loitering brooks repeat,—

Aye, and not less the wintry storms that sweep
O'er ocean, hill, and glade,
Show with what love unchanging, pure and
deep,
God guards what he hath made.

O, thankless, cold of heart and wed to sin,
Pass thou not idly by
The blessings that thy life might garner in,
Blessings not born to die !

With what rebuke our selfishness must stand
In His all-perfect sight !
We give but where we love, His bounteous hand
Closes nor day nor night.

And when we fain would judge or coldly scorn
The sinner's darkened ways,
Thou, who with us so patiently hath borne,
Teach us instead Thy praise. L.

*February, 1865.**Transcript.*

FEBRUARY 2, 1865.

Ay, ring out joyously, ye bells !
And peal it from the cannon's mouth,—
Free as God's Heaven from North to South,—
No slave in our Republic dwells !

Look upward, eyes, through happy tears !
Blessed indeed are we who see
The day that makes a nation free !
God's kingdom comes, though slow our years.

Beat fast, exultingly, O heart !—
Thy every throb a grateful prayer,—
Banish each selfish grief and care,
And in thy country's joy bear part !

O soul rejoice, as ne'er before !
Forsaken by Him " a little while "—
God gathers with a gracious smile,
And mercies great, this land once more !

O People ! to His love restor'd !
Let every living tongue awake—
The words the adoring Mary spake,—
" *My soul doth magnify the Lord !* "

*Boston, Mass.**Transcript.*

DEVOTIONAL MUSINGS.

I.

I WILL commit my way, O Lord, to Thee,
Nor doubt Thy love, though dark the way may
be,
Nor murmur, for the sorrow is from God,
And there is comfort also in Thy rod.

I will not seek to know the future years,
Nor cloud to-day with dark to-morrow's fears;
I will but ask a light from Heaven, to show
How, step by step, my pilgrimage should go.

And if the distant perils seem to make
The path impossible that I must take,
Yet as the river winds through mountains lone,
The way will open up — as I go on.

Be still, my heart; for faithful is Thy Lord,
And pure and true and tried His Holy Word;
Through stormy flood that rageth as the sea,
His promises Thy stepping-stones shall be.

II.

IN Heaven is many a shining star,
And yet my way is dark as night;
I see them gleam in depths afar,
But not by them I see aright.

They glimmer in the glassy lake,
They twinkle in the blue serene;
But yet my darksome road I take.
As ne'er a light in Heaven had been.

And there are truths so far away
No light upon our path they show;
We see them clear and bright as day
Yet by their light we may not go.

But Jesus, Thou art near and far;
With light Thou dost encompass me;
I see Thee like the midnight star,
And as at noon I walk by Thee.

Thou dost uplift my soul to Heaven,
Calm, beaming down upon our strife;
Yet by Thy grace is also given
Light on the common paths of life.

O blessed Jesus! shining far,
And shining near upon our way,
We praise Thee as the glorious star,
We praise Thee as the Light of day.

III.

Now is the accepted time,
Now the day of our salvation;
Now the Lord of Heaven sublime
Bears the sinner's condemnation;
Meek and lowly,
Pure and Holy,
Come to him and take his yoke,
Light the burden of his folk.

He hath brought down God to earth,
Man to raise again to Heaven;
He was born a virgin's birth,
That the new birth might be given
To us hapless,
Lifeless, sapless,
Withered branches dead in sin;
Come to Christ, and glory win.

Come with all your doubts and fears,
Come with all your soul's diseases,
Come with all your sinful years,
Only come at once to Jesus;
He is gracious;
And the precious
Ransom of our souls is He —
Jesus slain at Calvary.

O, this precious now is ours,
Let us hear His invitation;
He is knocking at our doors
With the proffer of salvation;
But to-morrow,
May be sorrow,

Woe and anguish, and the cry
"Too late, to late!" the hour is by.

ORWELL.

Good Words.

PSYCHAURA.

The wind of our autumn midnight
Is moaning around my door —
The curtains wave at the window,
The carpet lifts on the floor.

There are sounds like startled footfalls
In the distant chambers now,
And the touching of airy fingers
Is busy on hand and brow.

'Tis thus in the Souls' dark dwelling,
By the moody host unsought —
Through the chambers of memory wander
The invisible airs of Thought.

For it bloweth where it listeth,
With a murmur loud or low;
Whence it cometh — whither it goeth —
None tell us, and none may know —

Now wearying round the portals
Of the vacant, desolate mind —
As the doors of a ruined mansion
That creak in the cold night wind.

And anon an awful memory
Sweeps over it fierce and high,
Like the roar of a mountain forest
When the midnight gale goes by.

Then its voice subsides in wailing,
And, ere the dawning of day,
Murmuring fainter and fainter,
In the distance dies away.

"Lyrics of a Day," by H. Howard Brownell.